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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The Men worth fifty Dollars.

YESTERDAY I met an old acquaintance posting with great expedition up Broadway.

"What now? Whither are you bound?"

"To the Theatre."

"Why, you seem to be assiduous in your attendance: pray how often do you go?"

"Every play-night that my health permits; and that is generally every night throughout the season. At this season I have been less punctual. I have not been above *fifty times* in all."

"Fifty times! Very moderate, upon my word. The privilege of sitting, for four hours, in a crowd of all ages and degrees; in the midst of glaring lights, occasional clappings and hisses, with a motley and varying scene before you, cannot be enjoyed for nothing. Pray what does it cost you?"

"Fifty nights amount, of course, to fifty dollars: but I've no time to talk to you now—so good-bye."

How differently are different men disposed to employ those two precious commodities, time and money! A father once assembled a family of six sons around him. "My children," says he, "I am going to consult your wishes in the best manner I can. I am obliged to demand your assistance in my calling, for the common benefit; and, in return for your aid, I give you food, cloathing, and shelter suitable to your education and views; but, henceforth, I will do more. For the next half year I will give each of you fifty dollars, and the liberty of spending three evenings in every week, from six to twelve, just as your inclination may lead."

The offer was thankfully accepted; and the father became anxiously observant of the manner in which the respective temper and views of his children would direct them in the disposition of this time and money.

Tom, the eldest, was a saving, thrifty, prudent lad. He knew, long since, not only that time begot money, but that money begot itself. He therefore bestowed the *time* thus granted him, in working at his father's trade, but for his own emolument. As four hours, in which diligence labours for its own profit, is generally equal to a day's work on another's account, Tom had earned, at the end of the half year, by indefatigable application

to the plane and chissel, another fifty dollars. The original sum, however, did not lie idly in his coffers all this while. After weighing the respective claims upon his choice, Tom yielded to the counsel of an uncle, who traded to the West-Indies, and invested the sum in an adventure to St. Domingo. The adventure was successful; and, being re-shipped on the second voyage long before the expiration of six months, Tom's share of the proceeds came into possession, which amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars. Thus the saving knowledge of Tom, turned his fifty into two hundred; and wrought, likewise, very favourably on his skill in the craft, and in confirming him in habits of industry and sobriety. It must be owned, however, that the general powers of his mind, and his sensibility, were not much advanced.

The second brother, *Will*, had unfortunately contracted a fondness for jovial company, the temporary mistress, the loo party, and the bottle. These indulgences had been hitherto restrained by the want of leisure and money. Fifty dollars, and three evenings in the week, were by no means adequate to his wishes; but, being contrasted with preceding penury and toil, they opened a glorious prospect to his view. At the end of six months, not only the money was squandered, but a debt of twice the amount contracted, which the father was obliged to pay. All his habits of sensuality and dissipation were aggravated, and his constitution deeply injured by irregularity and excess. In every respect, therefore, this present was pernicious to Will.

Sam, the third brother, was an handsome youth; impetuous and generous, full of the social sympathies, and swayed chiefly by the spur of the moment and the impulse of the heart. A little before this distribution had taken place, Sam had fallen in love with Kitty Franks, a charming creature, blooming with youth, overflowing with vivacity, enamoured in her turn with Sam, somewhat volatile and giddy, but containing the rudiments of many excellences.

On hearing his father's resolution, Sam's heart leaped for joy. He imagined no use of time or money but to gratify his passion for Kitty, and to multiply his social, but innocent pleasures. Immediately he ran off to Kitty to demand her congratulations on the liberty which was thus secured to them of frequently enjoying each other's society; and, all the way to the dwelling of his mistress, his imagination was full of the toys and trinkets which his fifty dollars would bestow upon the idol of his affections. A pocket-book, a muff, a toilet cabinet, curiously divided into holes and corners, for pomatum, powder, wash-ball, and combs; and twenty box-tickets, at least, crowded, pell-mell, into his fancy.

Unluckily, however, part of this golden scene was suddenly obscured by meeting an acquaintance next day who was in extreme want of twenty dollars to pay his taylor's bill. Sam was never proof against such solicitations, and accordingly complied. Half an hour after, the loan went into the coffers of Tunbelly, keeper of a noted porter-house, in discharge of an old score. The remaining thirty, however, received the destination originally designed for them; and muffs, and trinkets, and the play-going privilege were bought. The supply, indeed, fell greatly short of Sam's generosity, but he found a sufficient consolation in the company of Kitty, with whom he regularly laughed and toyed away three evenings in the seven.

These interviews added so much fuel to the fire of their mutual pas-

sion, and they looked forward to the return of absence and restraint with so much reluctance, that they finally resolved to make their union sacred and irrevocable by marriage. On the last day of this half year of love and liberty, the father had the mortification to receive intelligence that the giddy and thoughtless pair had been tied together by a parson in the neighbourhood. How far the good-humour, sanguineness, and hey-day of youth will secure the happiness of the newly married against parental indignation, accumulating wants, and vanishing means, time must decide.

Joe and *Bob*, the fourth and fifth sons, were widely different from their elder brothers. Joe had been early distinguished by attachment to the pencil, and to music. He was always a grumbling and reluctant workman in his father's shop; and, whenever the eye of authority was withdrawn from him, he was sure to rake a coal from the ashes and fall to scrawling the chins and noses of the journeymen upon the unfinished desk and half-made dining-table. At spare moments he was accustomed to steal from the kitchen-corner to a neighbouring Dutchman's, who lived by teaching music. Here, on the score of neighbourhood, he was allowed to sit, and drink in the sounds of the flute and harpsichord, which Schræder played for the edification of his pupils.

These tunes were greedily caught, easily retained, and incessantly repeated by Joe, and constituted his amusement while at work with the saw and adze. His inexpressible longings were now somewhat gratified by the gift of fifty dollars and three evenings in the week. The money was immediately bestowed on Schræder, as hire for his harpsichord and the use of note-books, and a garret to enjoy himself alone.

Joe's zeal was not to be quenched by time. Every day strengthened his passion for three octaves and a stop; and, at the expiration of his respite, he returned with new reluctance to manual labour. He found comfort, nevertheless, in reflecting that he now could perform intricate concerts with tolerable ease at first sight; and that the stock of musical ideas, the contemplation and repetition of which cheered his daily task, was greatly increased.

Bob, with unsocial views and liberal propensities, somewhat similar to his brother Joe, had selected a very different path for his voluntary diligence. Bob was smitten with the charms of natural philosophy; and, while the pleasures of the sexes, of the play-house, of the ball-room, and the *tweedle-dum* of Schræder touched no answering chord in his heart, he applied his time and money, with unwearied diligence, to the construction of an electrical apparatus, with which, for his own amusement, and the wonder of his visitants, he drew fire from living bodies, illuminated an inscription, set bits of paper, cut into human shape, dancing, and performed all the other surprising feats that are usually performed on these occasions.

Harry, the youngest son, as he differed in shape and physiognomy from his brethren, had likewise a character and views wholly opposite to theirs. Books and meditation had early become favourite pursuits; but his application was regulated by circumstances peculiar to himself. His heart was by no means inaccessible to the tender passions. A connection was formed, at an early age, with a female pliant, full of tenderness, docility, modesty, and good sense; unambitious of distinction for wit or beauty, and only studious of performing those silent and domestic duties which are void of speciousness and ostentation. In these sentiments,

she bore a perfect resemblance to Harry, who added to her amiable qualities, steadfastness of mind, large capacity, eagerness for useful knowledge, and that manual diligence suggested by reflection on the benefits of competence and the subservience of money, not only to our own gratification, but to the good of others.

The father's gifts were not less acceptable to Harry than to Bob, or Joe, or Sam, or Will, or Tom. Indeed, an higher value was set upon the bounty, inasmuch as a juster conception was formed of the benefits which it put within his reach. The money was not bestowed upon the theatre, or toys, or pocket-books, or fiddle-strings, or glass-bottles, not because these objects were intrinsically worthless, or necessarily pernicious, but merely because his taste demanded higher enjoyments; and he held it his chief duty to promote, by all possible means, the rational improvement and lasting happiness of her whom he had selected as the partner of his future life. He laid out his money, partly in those necessary accommodations of which the indigence of her he loved stood in need, and partly in volumes of history, morals, and poetry, which conveyed practical knowledge; and, while they opened an avenue to laudable pleasure, furnished a criterion of preference. The day was sufficiently engrossed with toils, merely mechanical and lucrative; and the evenings of liberty were therefore devoted to her company, and to those pursuits which might be carried on with more success jointly than separately.

Money and time thus spent, did not produce transient or momentary effects. The ideas acquired from their reading were immortal; and their library, regarded as a mere commodity in traffic, was calculated to replace the money which had purchased it, if carried to market at the end of a year, and after it had yielded to their studious attention all its treasures.

Their interviews, without awakening impatience and reluctance at that privation which ensued, qualified them to sustain it with cheerfulness and dignity, by adding new brightness to their prospects, and affording them the delightful perception of their progress in intellectual energy and moral excellence.

Such was the half-year's history of the six brothers. The fortune of each was fifty dollars, and each employed his wealth in the manner he deemed most prudent. The candid observer may claim to sit in judgment on the merits of their various schemes. In favour of which will he decide? Whatever be his servitude to sensual habits, there is no one, perhaps, will imagine *Will* to be the Solomon of this groupe. *Sam* will not be without his admirers, his advocates, and his imitators. There are many votaries of science and the muses who will declare in favour, some of *Joe* and others of *Bob*. The grave and reverend seniors, whose wisdom is the harvest of long life and old experience, will instantly bestow their voices upon *Tom*. But what is the number of those who will admit *Harry* into competition with his brethren for the laurel of discretion?

SELMA.

On Mottos and Quotations from the Ancients.

SIX hundred years ago, when all who aspired to literature were obliged to seek it among the reliques of the Greeks and Romans, the learned languages ceased to be dead tongues. In correspondence, conversation, and publication, the

only medium was Latin. In the progress of improvement, though the ancient tongues were gradually supplanted, in popular performances, by the modern, yet writers being early imbued with the ancient literature, and intimately conversant with it, their topics, their opinions, and their images, continued to flow from that source.

By the common laws of intellectual association, a man learnedly educated, on whatever subject he talked or wrote, his memory was perpetually thronged, and his understanding beset, by the thoughts and terms of the Greeks and Romans. From an early and obvious prejudice, the ancient terms appeared more forcible and happy than any which his own language could supply; and he was apt to confound the sterility and meagerness of his own vocabulary, with that of his native dialect. Besides, the reputation of learning was of value; and such allusions and quotations afforded the requisite proof of his erudition.

It is curious to mark the force and duration of this prejudice. It has even continued to the present time; and there are very few disputants hardy enough to affirm that a man may possess an ingenious and enlightened mind, without a knowledge of Greek or Latin. In one respect, however, an important revolution is visible. Literary historians tell us, that at one time all the discourses from the pulpit were in Latin. Gradually a few passages and terms were admitted from the vulgar tongue. The strangers multiplied till at length the Latin and vulgar terms became mingled after a most singular and motley manner. French and Italian curates are said to have harangued their congregations alternately in both languages, addressing the educated part of the assembly in Latin, and then immediately translating it, sentence by sentence, into the vulgar tongue, for the use of their unlettered hearers.

At length, after a long progress, men came to deliver themselves in their native tongue; but the reverence for antiquity continued; and, when the sentiment which the writer was desirous of stating occurred to him as having been already uttered by a Greek or Roman author, the ancient was immediately introduced in the form of a quotation. The Greeks are said to have paid the same homage to Homer, which we pay to the scriptures. A line or phrase from that author was always sufficient to decide any controversy, or any topic of politics or science, to which it could be made to bear any relation. A similar superstition prevailed on the revival of letters in Europe; and every didactic work was overloaded with quotations, which were introduced in the place of arguments or experiments.

I have been greatly amused in turning over the pages of Puffendorf and Grotius, which are stuffed with quotations from the ancient authors. They are made use of to illustrate and sanction the author's opinion on the duties of citizens and nations, and are collected indiscriminately from every quarter. Ovid, and Prudentius, and Juvenal, and Plautus, are introduced with equal solemnity; and the same stress is laid upon their random effusions as upon the dictates of divine inspiration.

This pedantry, in proportion as works of science and invention have multiplied in the modern languages, has grown less prevalent. Men whose native stores are large, who are masters of the energies and graces of their native tongue, and whose fancy is replenished with original combinations, disdain this puerile display of memory; this bedecking of themselves in foreign and gaudy plumage; and this er-

roneous ostentation of their learning.

They are aware that the number of those readers who do not understand the ancient tongues is continually increasing, and are therefore studious of speaking a language which every reader may understand without recurring to glossaries or dictionaries.

It is remarkable how rarely Latin phrases or quotations occur in the writings of Dr. Johnson. In the essays of the Rambler, indeed, agreeably to the fashion established eighty years before, a motto from some ancient author is regularly prefixed; but, in the body of the essay, quotations rarely occur: and, in his other performances, they occur with still less frequency. The example of this writer, the vigour of whose understanding was not inferior to the extent of his erudition, ought to banish this idle pedantry from all compositions.

The improvement of the world, in this respect, is evident from the custom of adding, in the new editions of periodical essays, the translation of the mottos and quotations. This has partly arisen from the increasing importance of the female sex, whom every author is now accustomed to number among his readers, and who are universally supposed not to be acquainted with Greek or Latin.

There is a singular exception to this rule, however, in a very recent and very popular writer, whose performance, in the number and *quality* of its quotations, reminds us of the contemporaries of Grotius and Erasmus. Different opinions may be entertained of the poetical and critical merit of the author of "The Pursuits of Literature;" but I imagine very few will be found to admire his propensity to borrowing from the Greeks and Romans. This absurdity has been set in a very strong and ridiculous light by the new editions of that work, in which the quotations are all *carefully translated*, and the translations subjoined by way of an appendix.

The objections to this practice, on the score of dullness and inaptitude in the quotations themselves, are applicable to almost every writer distinguished by the itch of quoting; but, to all of them, there is one objection to be made, which must supercede all others, namely, that the languages made use of are not generally understood. Innumerable readers, to whose benefit and to whose judgment some regard is due, have never learned Latin or Greek; and those who have spent their youth in academic bowers, have generally permitted either the pleasures and cares of life, or the charms of some fashionable modern study, to efface or weaken the traces made by Xenophon and Cicero. Either they comprehend, with irksomeness and difficulty, the passage quoted, or they merely understand the terms, and are insensible of the energy or felicity of the phrase.

This defection from classical authorities, though not confined to the new world, is yet more conspicuous on this than on the other side of the ocean; and the practice of learned quotation is therefore more objectionable in American, than in European writers. A man need not be endued with any supernatural foresight to discover that, in no long time, Greek and Latin will cease to be regularly taught in the fashionable seminaries of America; and that the *erudite* essayists of the present age will be then regarded as we *now* regard the sermon-makers of the last century, who mixed up with their barbarous English at least an equal proportion of Attic salt and Roman mustard.

The time will come when the unsophisticated taste of our posterity will be satisfied with the wholesome and simple mess of hasty-pud-

ding, the produce of their own labour, and the bounty of their own fields, sprinkled into savouriness with the juice of their own maple, and turn with just loathing from a vile and unsubstantial hotch-potch, in which a withered stalk is exalted into sapidity by the help of that motley troop of provocatives, mustard, salt, oil, egg, and vinegar.

A Ball-Room Dress.

"PRAY," said I to the woman of the shop where I stopped to purchase a pair of gloves, "what purpose is that splendid apparel designed for?"

She had in her hands a quantity of glistening muslin, and lace, and was busy when I entered in reducing it to form and order with the needle. It was intended, she told me, to be worn one night at a ball.

"*One night!*" said I, "and no more?"

"One night only. It would be highly indecent to appear in it a second time."

"Well; and when finished it is to be put on in the evening, displayed in a company of twenty or thirty, in a large room, and then laid aside forever. And how much must the lady pay for the opportunity of thus exhibiting herself?"

"The whole dress, perhaps, may come to about four hundred dollars.

"*Four hundred dollars!* surely you are jesting; or, at least, mistaken. You must mean forty dollars."

"No, no, I mean four hundred."

"What, for a garment that is to be worn only for a few hours!"

"Only for a few hours."

"Why, all *my* earnings, by the unremitted application of my pen, in a public office, for twelve months, amount only to that sum; and that sum enables me to purchase food, cloathing, and shelter for an equal period: yet here is a sum equal to my whole income and expense laid out upon this flimsy web, to be worn for half a night, while the wearer walks, in measured pace, up and down a room. I am acquainted with at least eight indigent, but laborious families, all whose house-rent, for a year, does not exceed four hundred dollars. Pray who is the purchaser?"

"'Tis Mrs. Zary, the wife of a man whose rice-bogs and black-slaves bring him about eight thousand dollars a year. He can well afford to pay so trifling a sum as four hundred dollars for a ball-dress for his wife. She means not to go to the same expense twice in the same season."

"True," said I, as I left the shop, "as you say, he is rich and can afford it."

Luxury and profusion are not to be always measured by the actual amount of what is laid out on ostentation or on baubles, but by the proportion which the sums thus expended bear to the income and the necessary expense of the prodigal. Twenty dollars, given by a clerk in the same office with myself, for a fowling-piece, bears the same proportion to his salary as four hundred dollars do to the revenue of Mr. Zary, and is, perhaps, an instance of far more pernicious prodigality.

If Mr. Zary, during his late residence in England, had asked Lord Eardley how much his kennel of fox-hounds cost him, he would have been told—about two thousand pounds a year. "Lord!" would Zary have exclaimed, "what enormous waste! This man lays out, upon his pack of yelpers, a sum equal to my whole revenue!" yet Mr. Zary can, without compunction, disburse, for a gratification inexpressibly more transitory and ridiculous, a sum bearing as large a

proportion to *his* revenue as two thousand sterling is to the forty thousand per annum of Lord Eardley.

When I was in Europe, Earl Courtney, of Devon, gave an entertainment to a great company of Devonshire and Cornish gentry. It was to celebrate his son's birth-day, which chanced to coincide with the christian festival. To this feast, among a great number of similar articles, were furnished two thousand baskets of fresh strawberries, at half a guinea a piece, and more than nine hundred pints of *green peas*, at a guinea a pint. These two articles, devoured or wasted in about the same time that Mrs. Zary is allowed to wear her ball-room habit, amount therefore to about as much as the year's expense of Lord Eardley's kennel; and bore, it is likely, even a less proportion to the Courtney's revenue.

Excessive and outrageous as this prodigality may seem to some, it is a doubt with me whether the puerile and selfish ostentation of the American lady be not far more unjustifiable and despicable than the foxhounds of Eardley, which afford a whole year's amusement, and amusement connected with effects not injurious to activity or health, or than the green peas and fresh strawberries at Christmas of the Courtneys, from which upwards of a thousand persons drew a direct, though momentary gratification.

In a ball-room habit there is no scope for any passion but the most absurd vanity in the wearer, and a childish rivalship and envy in the spectators. Hunting and feasting allow a man to admit his friends to a share of his amusement; and the builder, butcher, and gardener, are ultimately benefited by the profusion of their lordships; but if a kind of expense, the most frivolous, transient, selfish, and productive of the smallest benefit to others were sought, a sagacious inquirer would be apt to decide in favour of a lady's ball-room dress. So, at least, decides a CYNIC.

The Point of Honour in America.

SEDUCTION, and murder by duel, are the remnants of the ancient manners of Europe. These have sometimes been more politely styled gallantry and the point of honour; and, such is the influence of names, that gallantry and honour are soft and inoffensive sounds, though their acceptation be precisely similar to seduction and murder.

It is sufficiently manifest that these vices have accompanied the Europeans across the ocean, and that the colony cannot boast of an exemption, in this respect, from the faults of the mother country. The degree in which these crimes prevail in America, and the difference, in this respect, between the integrity of the parent and the offspring, are questions of difficult solution.

Seduction is a secret guilt: there is no scale, therefore, by which its prevalence can be estimated either in Europe or America. Duels, on the contrary, though projected secretly, are generally, when accomplished with or without bloodshed, extremely notorious. The parties, or their friend, commonly think their *honour* concerned in telling the story to the world through the medium of some newspaper. In other cases popular curiosity is gratified by the voluntary diligence of newsmen.

The number of duels is perhaps not of such moment, in a picture of manners, as the rank and condition of the duelist; but, in neither case have Americans cause to boast. Their most illustrious characters,

those among the highest in reputation and in office, have either been actually engaged in duels, or shewn, on different occasions, a perfect promptitude to take up arms at honour's bidding. In Great-Britain we find, in the catalogue of duelists, such names as Grattan, Lansdown, Fox, Pitt, and the Duke of York.

As to the number of encounters of this sort, Great-Britain and Ireland may safely be said not to furnish thirty instances in a year; but ten instances in the United States constitute an extremely moderate computation. The British isles are at least three times more populous than these States. Hence it appears, that so far as the folly and depravity of national manners may be estimated by the frequency of duels, and the prevalence of that principle which leads to them, the United States, if it cannot bear away the palm of infamy from all other nations, is, at least, upon a level with the corruptest of them.

Original Anecdotes of Cowper.

Mr. Editor,

In a former number of your Magazine, you gave us some account of the poet Cowper. There is a lady in this city who resided in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, who mentioned some particulars respecting this pathetic poet, that were, to me, and will probably prove to most of the admirers of that poet, extremely interesting.

The predominant genius of a man may, in most cases, be traced to some early incident in the history of his life. Cowper, it seems, was from his childhood devoted to meditation and seclusion, and endued with antipathy to every noisy concourse or merely lucrative pursuit.

This temper was strengthened by an attachment between him and the daughter of a neighbouring family. The usual objections, on the score of birth and fortune, did not exist in this case, and neither family were averse to this connection. It was necessary, however, in the opinion of Cowper's father, that the union should be postponed till the young man had established himself in some gainful and honourable profession.

For this end the youth was sent to London and placed at the Temple. To this fane of subtilty and science, all his rural dispositions accompanied him. The cultivation of literature and poetry ravished his attention away from the *Crokes* and *Carthews* of his library, and his hours were spent in composing tender ditties for his mistress, instead of transcribing into his commonplace book, the *demurrers* and *narratios* of the law.

His father, whose heart was set upon seeing his son Will one day adorned with the flowing and well-powdered honours of a chancellor, was extremely displeased at this infatuation and supineness. He tried various expedients to awaken in his heart a more profitable ambition. At length he fancied that he discovered the source of all these ungenerous propensities in the affection which William had so assiduously fostered for the country maid. He resolved, therefore, to put an end to his hopes; and, by studied incivilities to the lady's family, excited their resentment so far, that the girl was prohibited from further intercourse.

Disobedience to this mandate produced the usual stretches of parental tyranny. The victim was restricted in her walks and visits; and, finally, imprisoned in her chamber. The gentle spirit was sorely bruised by this rod. Grief and sullenness were succeeded by loss of understanding, and an untimely close was put to her exist-

ence in the cells of a private madhouse!—Such was a father's policy! and the effects of it upon the son's happiness and destiny are generally known.

The narrator of these incidents was a lady who, besides a residence in the neighbourhood of both families, was in habits of domestic intercourse with both of them. This tale is repeated upon her authority; and, if it be true, its truth must be known to many. X. Z.

On the prevailing Ignorance of Geography.

AN American gentleman was once entertained by a *Welsh* knight. It was at the opening of the American war, on which the discourse naturally turned. The knight, after some discussion on the causes of the troubles, very shrewdly observed that the troops designed for the service would have a very long *march*.

This story was related by the American with much exultation over the ignorance of the Welshman. On inquiring where the knight lived, I was answered, "In Shropshire;" but, added my friend, "I found equal ignorance of American geography in every *other* county in *Wales*."

A lady, sagacious and well-informed in general, observed that "the Welshmen in America were, in that respect, as ignorant as their countrymen. Her father had formerly a Welshman for his servant, whom she once asked whether the *city* of Wales was as large as New-York. But the question, however plain, and though David had lived three months in the latter city, he was unable to answer."

"Pray," said a young girl who had been very attentive to the conversation, addressing herself to the traveller, "where about in North-Wales did this knight you talk of live? I was bred and born there, but don't remember any man of that *name*. She recollected one *Peggy Knight*, who used to come and stay at her father's in *killing-time*."

This produced a laugh from a great part of the company, who knew the questioner to have been born in the township of North-Wales, not forty miles from Philadelphia.

"Child," said the traveller, "the Wales that *I* was talking of was Wales in Europe, not in America."

"Really," said an old gentleman who had hitherto been silent, and speaking with great deference, "I thought, till this moment, that Wales was a place, not in Europe, but in England."

The traveller's countenance betrayed some marks of confusion. "You are right," said he to the old gentleman, "I meant England. Wales is a part of England, it is true; for Europe is a continent; and England and Scotland, all the world knows, *are islands*."

This series of geographical blunders was, perhaps, the more remarkable, as there was hung up, in full view, on the wall of the apartment, a large map of Europe; and all the parties in this discussion had been, for a long time, accustomed to assemble conversationally in this room.

In truth, notwithstanding the facility with which geographical knowledge may be gained, there are few things with which men in general are less acquainted. This science is not immediately connected with any of the common pursuits of life. A man may outlive Methusalem, and bear his part in ordinary transactions without discredit, who yet knows not whether Indostan be an isthmus or peninsula.

Knowledge in general has been

sometimes represented as a dome resting upon columns, which columns are the sciences. That column which contributes least to the grandeur or stability of the edifice, is doubtless physical geography, or the science which acquaints us with the mode in which land and water, mountain and stream, are distributed over the surface of the globe. Whether the isles of New-Zealand be hills or plains; whether the south pole be surrounded by continent or ocean; whether the Niger flows east or west; and whether the Nile proceeds, like other rivers, from springs in the earth or from hills in the moon, are points than which it is hard to imagine any less important to our happiness, or less conducive to advancement in any of the useful arts or abstruse sciences. Every one knows the time, pains, and *pence* which the investigation of the three last questions has occasioned, and how much stress has been laid, by very grave people, on their accurate decision; yet, surely human curiosity could scarcely be more idly employed.

There is a difference, it is plain, in the importance of different geographical questions. Lord North, when he proposed the invasion of the Colonies, was under no absolute necessity of knowing that a long tract of water separated England from America. The admiralty commissioners and their agents, those at least who were to serve as pilots to the armaments, would stand in need of this knowledge; but Lord North's coachman found it extremely convenient to know that his Lordship's country residence lay on the North side of the Thames.

Baron de Tott found it very hard to convince the Turkish ministers that it was possible for a Russian fleet to make its appearance in the Archipelago, without passing the Dardanelles. This was a geographical fact, without doubt, of which it was dangerous to be ignorant.

Many a merchant of these States has sent cargoes to Petersburg and Buenos Ayres, who has been wholly ignorant whether oceans or mountains separated those places from each other; nor was this knowledge in him at all necessary to the success of his projects.

There were German Abbots and Bishops, before the reformation, who believed that the Cæsar spoken of in the gospels and apostolic acts was a descendant of Rodolphus of Hapsburg; and that Judea was a district somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rome.

The illiterate readers of the bible, indeed, in all nations, fall into whimsical and ludicrous errors, both as to the chronology and geography of the bible history. From some of these errors, the most enlightened and intelligent, in other respects, are not exempt. Two females, of great intellectual merit, once appealed to me, in a controversy which had risen between them, whether Egypt was separated from England by the Red Sea or the River Nile.

Geography, indeed, in its strictest sense, and unconnected with other sciences, is of such little intrinsic importance, that no compilation or system, merely geographical, has hitherto appeared. Books under this title contain a medley of information, historical, statistical, philosophical, and moral; and, I may also add, astronomical: but the geography of these productions is little more than is contained in the maps which sometimes accompany them.

The value of geographical knowledge lies in its subservience to other arts or pursuits. It cannot boast of being a necessary handmaid to any; but, its benefits to the reader of history are most conspicuous. It serves to make images

flowing from narrations more vivid and durable, though it is not necessary to make them intelligible.

One, for instance, who should have engraven on his mind the map of England, consisting of all its outlines and divisions, and the mutual relations and distances of its shores, provinces, and cities, will read the history of the civil wars of Charles I. with conceptions different from him who never saw a map, or read a topographical description; but the latter is as likely to comprehend the causes and tendencies of all events, to derive from the perusal of the story political and moral knowledge, as the former. His ideas, however, will be differently modified, and will be less satisfactory, and, if I may use the term, less picturesque than those of the former.

A Miser's Prayer.

THE falsehood and selfishness of the human heart has been the theme of moralists and satyrists ever since the days of Job and Juvenal. The numberless ways in which our own interest intrudes upon our contemplations, and perverts our wishes, has often been observed. Some poet has taken occasion to exemplify these perversions in detailing the prayers put up, by a great number of votaries, at the shrine of some popular divinity. He represents the indigent as praying for wealth, the unmarried for an husband, the childless for offspring, and the impatient heir for the death of the present possessor.

It is not to be imagined that the present times furnish fewer examples of depravity and selfishness than former times; or that men, in their invocations to heaven, have a less internal and secret regard to their own interest. The audible language of prayer is pretty uniform; but the modifications which the terms employed undergo, in passing through the mind, are endlessly diversified.

The following attempt to *translate* the prayers of a worldly mind, fell lately within my reach; and, being hitherto unpublished, I imagined it might hit the fancy of some of your readers, and might not prove unacceptable to you. The following, then, is an exact copy of a miser's prayer:

"Bend a favourable ear, O Lord, to all our prayers; but grant only those of our prayers which thou knowest will be serviceable to us. Have compassion on the errors and blindness of these my brethren, and let not any thought of their hearts be gratified, for all the good things they ask for would prove unto them vanity and vexation of spirit.

"Remove far from us all the evils of war. Let those who would oppress us and despoil us of our property, be driven far away. Let mankind be taught to live together in concord, as becometh children of the same parent; that so there may be no need of soldiers or ships; that the peace of our humble dwellings be no more disturbed by the visits of assessors, and our hard earnings be taken away by cold-blooded tax-gatherers.

"Give humility to the poor and beggarly, and make them contented under the allottment of thy providence; that so they may not pester thy faithful and thrifty servants with their outcries for charity; and deliver them from all temptation to break our doors, and thereby put us in jeopardy of our lives, and rob us of the little that thou hast given us.

"Hear, we beseech thee, O Lord, hear the prayers of the widow, and the fatherless, and the halt, and the blind, and the old, and the bedridden, and relieve their many wants from thy own stores and thy

own bounty, that so they may no longer depend for bread upon the scanty gifts of selfish mortals, and that so the poor-taxes may be lessened, and every man pluck the fruit of his own fig-tree without being obliged to share it with others.

"Save us, we pray thee, from perishing by fire. Take this great city especially under thy divine protection; and let a particularly large share of thy regard be bestowed upon the buildings in Third-street, between Vine and Sassafras. Sundry of them, thou knowest, belong to thy servant, and but one among them all is brick.

"Have compassion on all those who are sick and in prison. Restore to them, O Lord, their health and liberty; that so they be able to fulfil all their contracts, and pay their just debts. Have an eye of especial regard to Richard Harris, who is now sick almost unto death. Raise him up once more to be a help and a stay to his wife and children, and give him wherewithall to pay thy servant what he oweth him, to wit, the sum of three hundred dollars and sixteen cents, due, with interest thereon, since the fourth instant.

"Let thy tender mercy preserve us from all floods and earthquakes. Bear with the sins of this generation a little while longer. Be not wroth with the good people of New-Jersey, and especially with the county of Morris, seeing thy servant has a mortgage on certain lands in said county. But if thy fierce anger will not be stayed, and thou sendest thy earthquakes to overturn the houses and kill the people, let it be so, if it seemeth good to thee; but, we pray thee, shake not the earth too much with thy fearful presence, nor destroy these motes and boundaries of arable and meadow which the law, in good time, may give unto thy servant.

"Visit us not again, we pray thee, for our manifold transgressions, with the pestilence; but, if thy fury will not yet be stayed, let the vial of thy wrath be poured out upon us early in the month of June; that so thy servant may have excuse for not paying sundry notes of his hand thereafter to become due; and that so he may have his money's worth of the house that he hired as a place to flee to in a time of need.

"If, peradventure, there be any in danger of shipwreck, and likely to perish, hear them when they cry to thee for help. Bethink thee of their wives and little ones, who quake with fear of the tempest; but, if the iniquities of fallen men claim their punishment at thy just hands, and thy anger waxeth hot against my sinful neighbour, Francis Settlesides, do not smite him in his person, his wife, or his children, but blow with thy wind and cause a ship of his, that he lately sent to Port Republican with precious commodities, to sink in the midst of the sea; that so it may never arrive, nor the market be overstocked. But hearken to thy servant's prayer, and let the same wind only hasten the passage of the good ship Flying-fish, whereof is master *(under thee)* for the present voyage, Caleb Strong, which said ship belongeth to thy servant, in partnership with Mr. Michael Halliday, of Boston. Amen." C.

On the Portraits of Death.

——"Black as night;
Fierce as ten Furies; terrible as hell."

EVERY reader knows that this is part of Milton's description of an imaginary personage called *Death*. How few are there among the readers of this, or any other popular poet, who stop to inquire into the propriety or reasonableness of what they read! They are told

beforehand that this or that is a sublime production, and, with a modesty in some respects praiseworthy, take the work as a criterion of taste and excellence, and seldom venture to judge for themselves, or to derive the reasons of their approbation from the unbiassed and original suggestions of their own minds.

I, for my part, must acknowledge myself not prone to this obliging and obsequious sort of acquiescence. Perhaps I am a little captious, and take more pleasure in detecting faults, than in recognizing beauties. Vanity whispers that to find faults in a celebrated and generally admired spectacle, is to see farther than others, and to evince a superior penetration. To dissent where others acquiesce, to be dissatisfied where others are well pleased, is the readiest way to consideration and repute with some people. Among that number I am half inclined to place myself; but am still encouraged to indulge this humour in carping at the bard of Paradise, because your readers, if they do not approve my strictures, will be, at least, prompted to exercise their judgment in accounting to themselves for their disapprobation.

Erroneous criticisms, as they are, in the same respects, injurious; so are they likewise, in the same respects, beneficial, as bad reasoning in politics or religion. They injure those whom they convince, but they are profitable to him whom they do not make a convert, inasmuch as they induce him to examine and inquire for himself, and all his objections to the false system are, at the same time, arguments in favour of the true. With these preliminaries, I now will take the liberty of stating the ideas which the above quotation has suggested to me.

Poets have frequently attempted to exhibit *Death* as a person or agent. They who have, for this purpose, described every part of nature as under the particular superintendance of an invisible agent or angelic minister, and have therefore represented the causes inimical to human life as the agency or influence of one, who, as in the Hebrew and Arabian allegories, may be termed the *Angel* of *Death*, seem to have been most consistent with propriety and a just taste. In this case, the usual symbols of the Angel have been, very properly, those of a soldier or executioner. He is painted like a man in armour, the destroying sword naked in his hand, and riding on a sable steed at one time, and hovering over the devoted place or person, with menacing attitudes, at another.

Another set of allegorists, among whom all the vulgar may be ranked, have made a person and performer of Death himself. They have given substance and design to a mere privation. One not familiar with the subject, would feel much curiosity as to the attributes and shape which so incongruous a freak of fancy would assume. If I do not mistake, we shall generally find that Death, personified under this view, is neither more nor less than a living skeleton of a man; the bones kept together by their ligaments, and moving by a sort of automatic power. With this class of inventors, Death is nothing more than the osseous system of some dead individual.

Painters, and particularly Fuseli, have imagined the spectres of the dead in a mode, in some respects, remarkably proper. The apparition of Hamlet's father, for example, is no other than the identical individual risen from the grave. It is the corporeal frame which we behold, deprived of every thing but its bones and *muscles*. In short, it is the picture of a man *flead alive*, and who continues alive notwithstanding the loss of his cutaneous

vesture. The propriety, in some respects, of this conception of a spectre, is evident; since, if the skin be not necessary to life, the *muscles*, at least, are indispensible to *motion*.

This notion of a spectre must be gained from the experience either of anatomists or executioners, unless, indeed, the right of re-appearance after death were extended to the lower animals: in which case, in order to gain an accurate idea of the apparition of an ox or a sheep, for example, the poet or painter may resort to the slaughter-house of any beef or mutton butcher. He need only look on while the dead animal is *skinned;* nay, may chance to meet, in the market-house, depending from an iron hook, a very pretty ghost of a lamb.

It is in pursuance of this system, that the portrait of Death is, in like manner, that of a dead man; but, in order to be a suitable representation of the grand destroyer, the image must be stripped of every thing but its *bones*. Even muscles, which may account for a ghost's moving, are denied to this *horrible mockery*, who, notwithstanding, stalks about, and even *shakes a dreadful dart*.

A young painter, of my acquaintance, was once highly pleased with a simile, which, though trite and vulgar, he had just heard for the first time. Some one, in order to illustrate the obstinacy with which a bailiff adhered to an ill-fated debtor, observed, that he stuck to him like grim Death to a dead cat. This grotesque, yet powerful image, took such strong hold of my friend's fancy, that he resolved to *paint the groupe*. Inquiring as to what sort of forms he designed to bestow upon the two personages, he answered, "That the model of a *dead cat* was to be easily found in any kennel, but that as to the grim Death, he had been under some difficulty. The usual portraits of Death had been taken from the human figure; but this was evidently a consideration of Death in relation to the human subject. It was therefore inapplicable to a scene in which *cats*, and not *men*, were to be actors and patients."

I endeavoured to remove his difficulties by suggesting that analogy required that the Death which he was desirous of making visible, should be copied from the skeleton of a *cat*. The power that kills cats may assume the form of the cat, with just as much propriety as the man-killing power is made to assume the form of a man. As to the kingly crown, and the shaken dart (Death, it seems, is a *royal* and a military personage), I confessed myself at a loss to propose a substitute. Death, though an arrant murderer, is not always a homicide; much less is he himself constantly of the human species. The composer of the famous epitaph on "P. P. clerk of this parish," was not quite as wise as he was poetical, when he asserted that

> "Do all we can,
> *Death is a man*
> That never ſpareth none."

This disquisition has led me away from my purpose, which was, not to censure the shocking and hideous incongruity which Milton, in common with the vulgar, has been guilty of in his portrait of Death, but merely to comment on the images contained in the above quotation. There are three attributes of this offspring of his brain, which these comparisons are designed to illustrate. In the first place, the creature is black as night; next, he is fierce as *ten* furies; and, lastly, he is terrible as hell.

How it may appear to others, I cannot tell, but these images appear to me either vague or grotesque. *Black as night* is an image the most

trite, obvious, and unprecise imaginable. Absolute darkness, which implies the utter exclusion of all light, produces to the eye the effect of the most perfect blackness; but not so night. The night is, in different degrees, dark or gloomy; but its darkness, and, consequently, its blackness, is never absolute. Of the three kinds of night known in this upper world, the moon-light and star-light ones are resplendent. Infernal or Tartarian night is constantly irradiated by an upper, nether, and surrounding fires. We should have smiled, perhaps, had the poet chosen to say, black as ebony; and yet, would he not have gained in precision what he lost in sublimity?

The ferocity of ten furies is more formidable or destructive than that of one, as *ten hells* are more *terrible* than *one hell;* but *degrees* of ferocity are entirely distinct from the *multitude* of the fierce. As swift as ten race-horses, is a comparison without a meaning. As poetical as ten Homers, infallible as ten Popes, brave as ten Diomeds, wise as ten Newtons, tall as ten giants, are all similies, the grotesqueness and absurdity of which are evident at first sight; but Milton's *ten* furies are exactly parallel to these.

A tattered woman once applied to me for alms; I offered her a trifle; but she demanded six times as much: "For see," says she, "I am as poor as *half a dozen beggars.*" Now, this rhetoric was quite as correct as Milton's.

I once overheard two children contending about the superior excellence of the lump of sugar which each had just received. One said that "his lump was as sweet—as any thing; as big—as big could be; and as white—as a *snow-ball.*" The other instantly retorted, that "*his* was sweeter than any thing; bigger than big could be; and *white* as a *hundred snow-balls.*" Now, the whiteness of an hundred snow-balls is no wise greater than the whiteness of any individual snow-ball. To be mad as an army of maniacs, does not even imply a madness equal to that of the maddest trooper in the army; it simply *means nothing.*

That Death should be as terrible as hell, is not an unnatural thought; especially with those to whom one is only a conductor to the other: but this is just as if one should say, that an hangman is as hateful as the gallows, a dun as the bailiff, or a bailiff as the prison.

Every thing is desirable or otherwise according to the good or bad effects it produces or is expected to produce. Strictly speaking, Death is as terrible to sinners as hell, because of the connection which one has with the other; but this affinity is rather moral than poetical.

The most powerful and magnificent conception that was ever formed of Death, is probably conveyed in the common phrase, of "The King of terrors." This image, however, has no relation to crowns, swords, or skeletons. By these it is enfeebled and debased; nor is it possible, without incongruity and oddity, to attempt to *paint* the image. Such images it is the peculiar prerogative of poetry to call up; but the fault of the painter is essentially committed by the poet, when he attempts to exhibit such a portrait of his terrific majesty as a painter might copy.

Remarks on Female Politicians.

AS an admirer of the fair sex, and tremblingly alive to every thing that affects their character, I have presumed, of late, to censure several females of my acquaintance for their love of politics. They listened, with admirable attention,

to all I thought proper to say on the subject. A few evenings since, I renewed my arguments with twofold earnestness. When I paused to see if there were any to applaud my opinions, a sprightly and sensible girl, as if resolving on a piece of revenge, turned towards a female visitant who had observed a profound silence the preceding part of the evening, and asked her, gaily, if women had not an equal right with men to be politicians. I drew near to hear the dialogue. Timorously blushing, she replied, "No, my dear."

"No! come state your objections. In charity to me do not add strength to the opinions of that gentleman, who, you should know, is a censor of the whole republic of females. Whatever they may say or do, he is sure to summon them separately before his inquisitorial tribunal. Not words and actions, only, are dissected and analized, but their very manners, voice, and dress, are obliged to pass in review before him. Yet, with all his severity, we esteem him, because he is the firm friend of our sex, and would fain make us better and wiser."

"Cease, thou pratler," said I, "I had rather, at this time, be an auditor to this lady, than a listener to your eulogies on my character. Will Miss M. favour us with her opinions on politics?"—She began in the sweetest manner.

"When I see a female deeply interested in politics, I tremble for her tranquillity. As the sensibility of women is livelier, and their enthusiasm more ardent than that of men, they are less qualified to decide on the affairs of government.

"Political discussion agitates their passions, roughens their manners, and discomposes the garb of female modesty, which should be considered the fairest ornament and brightest charm of a woman.

"Men and politics form a very easy and natural association; but, with women, it is forced and uncomely. A female who assumes the character of a politician, lays aside her feminine attractions. Her soft and musical tones are exchanged for vehement declamation. Her gentle and winning manners for masculine dignity. Her bosom, which was wont to heave with the gentle emotions of benevolence, now swells with the turbulent spirit of party.

"Who is President to-day or tomorrow, whether he be a federalist or a democrat, is of no moment to us, if he be wise and virtuous. What do you or I know of an Adams, a Jefferson, or a Pinckney, but through the medium of common fame? We judge of the future by the past; and, whether Adams, Jefferson, or Pinckney will govern well, or which of them the best, time, the grand arbiter of human actions and events, can only decide. It would be foolish to suffer the chain of our felicities to be agitated by every movement of political affairs, which we are unable to understand or controul."

"Hold, my dear M. let me ask one question. Do you love your country?"

"Yes; I do love my country most fervently."

"Whence, then, this apathy? Your patriotism is too lukewarm."

"Patriotism, as I feel it, is a sentiment of benevolence, that is ever active in promoting private good: and, whatever tends to private good, must, in the order of events, give stability to government and new strength to the public welfare. He who perpetually exercises his moral and intellectual powers for the benefit of his fellow-men, in a private station, is the truest friend to his country and to mankind. If I instruct the ignorant, relieve the ne-

cessitous, and am just to myself, I conceive I have rendered an important service to my country.

"The apathy you speak of is not felt: but, let the political state of our country be ever so distracted, I cannot rush forward to head a party, and move with the multitude. No, I hope never to be a *Cordé*, nor have any other celebrity than that which flows from domestic virtues.

"If a female be united to a man of worth, and eminent in politics, it is her duty to tranquillize his passions, and to turn the impetuous current of his feelings into a more orderly channel. When the harmony of his soul is disturbed by political discord, she should be its regulator, and, by her gentleness, attune it again to love and domestic delight.

"If, on the contrary, she shares in his political feelings, applauds when he praises, and when he blames condemns; feels all his resentments, glows with all his enthusiasm, she aggravates his vexations, and withholds that solace to which every man flies—domestic repose.

"I have heard, and seen families divided and torn asunder by female interference in politics. Husbands have forsaken their homes; parents and children have clashed, and wounded one another.

"Men, moderate in their politics, no sooner hear a favourite opinion attacked, than their very soul seems to leap into a subject which gives fire to their eyes, glow to their cheeks, animation to their countenance, energy to their actions, and, to their sentiments, violent enthusiasm.

"In men, this is well; but in women, is it not unbecoming?"

"Well, Mary, since you are for excluding females from the political department, pray let us know to what province we poor beings belong, and what must be the nature of our occupations."

"Within the domestic circle, my dear girl, every female should reside. There she may, if she will, find enough to fill the most capacious soul. Domestic duties are numerous and important, and every one is a copious source of delight. Cheap pleasures are her own, and abundant, because she seeks them within herself. Her benevolence finds objects enough to keep it in perpetual action. Here the energies of her mind, and the sensibilities of her heart, are hourly called forth and awakened to new deeds.

"The path of literature is open before her. She can pursue it slowly and thoughtful, or dance sportive through its mazes, stoop and gather flowers as she trips along."

Here she stopped, much to the regret of myself and her friends, who listened with attention and pleasure to her conversation, which met with its due applause. E.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

If the following Remarks appear worth your notice, you will oblige, by publishing them in your valuable Magazine, yours, very sincerely,

F. BLANCHET.

New-York, Nov. 30, 1800.

On the probable Reason of the Opinion entertained by some, that the Diaphragm is the Seat of the Soul in Man.

THAT every prevailing opinion amongst mankind had its archetype in nature, is allowed by most philosophers; but man is so apt to forget what he has seen and learned in the course of his life, that it is very difficult for him, if not impossible, to remember all the leading objects which have given rise to his ideas. In this manner an

immenſe amount of useful knowledge is lost to posterity. To go back, then, to the origin of things, or rather to the original objects of our ideas, will be always but conjecture and uncertainty.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, I shall nevertheless give my opinion on the cause which has led philosophers to believe that the diaphragm is the seat of the soul in man.

Every body knows that fear, for instance, produces a contraction of all the muscles; in consequence of which, hairs on the head become erected. Now, no one who is ever so little acquainted with anatomy, is ignorant that the diaphragm is possessed with a great share of muscular power. If such be the case, what must be the consequence when our frail machine is under much apprehension, or violently acted upon by the power of fear? No doubt the diaphragm is contracted more or less, and a painful sensation must be felt in that centre of action. Hence arose the idea that the soul must be seated there, in order to communicate to it that contractile power; but, in fact, there is no ground for this opinion; for, in fear and anger, the diaphragm is set in motion sympathetically, or, in other words, the muscles of the whole frame being evidently wrought upon by these passions, the diaphragmatic muscles must, of course, act in correspondence with the others: that action is not only communicated to the diaphragm, but also to the other muscular organs of the system. Hence the *vesica urinaria* becomes generally empty on such occasions.

The idea that philosophers entertain of the diaphragm being the seat of the soul, stands, then, on this consideration, that there must have been, in that organ, something of a spiritual nature, in order that it should move, act, or contract so readily; whereas, its contraction or quick motion is owing to a sympathetic action of the muscles in general.

On the Temperature of the Planetary System.

AFTER the construction of our planetary system, most astronomers have been of opinion, that the planets nearer to the sun are warmer than the most remote ones. Upon this principle, a very ingenious anonymous writer has told us, about half a century ago, that a man transported suddenly from Mercury into Saturn, would either die instantaneously, or be altered in his physical constitution.

We readily agree with the author's idea, that on the supposition that the temperature of the planets are widely different, man, or any organic being, could not live under so great a change of circumstances; but we are not of opinion that the temperature of the planets varies in so great a degree as has been imagined; and, consequently, a man from one planet would live indifferently in all the others.

My reason for supposing that the temperature of the planets does not differ much, is simply this,—it is well known that boiling water, for instance, turned into vapour, will take on a temperature similar to that of surrounding objects; or, in other words, free caloric is rendered imperceptible, or fixed, on the passing of liquids into the state of elastic fluidity. Supposing, now, that Mercury should be more heated by the sun than the planet Saturn, what would be the consequence? The most elastic fluids of Mercury must be rendered into elastic fluidity to such amount as would give a proper temperature to that planet. In like manner, Saturn being a planet less heated than the for-

mer, a smaller mass of elastic fluids must be carried into the state of elastic fluidity; and, consequently, a smaller quantity of caloric would be put into a latent state. On this principle we may account for the torrid zone taking on itself a pretty uniform temperature; whereas, in Greenland, for instance, where the solar heat is only transient, it is almost intolerably hot in the summer season.

But it will be said here that, on our hypothesis, the atmospherical pressure must be greater in Mercury than in Saturn, and that this pressure must make too material difference for the animal economy to subsist. That objection is no doubt in some measure true; but it does not extend so far as one would first imagine; for, according to our principle, the atmospherical pressure of the planet must exist in a ratio to the degree of heat it is subjected to: therefore, if in the one case the animal fluids are much heated, their tendency to fly off or become elastic, is diminished by the great pressure they are under; and, if in Saturn the atmospherical pressure is less, the animal fluids being less heated, require a less pressure to prevent them from flying off; so that, in the one case or the other, a perfect equilibrium is kept. Such is the wonderful economy which exists in nature! The whole frame of the universe is calculated in such a manner as will prevent any long-continued or extensive disorder in its constitution.

American Review.

Art. LIV.

Sermons on various Subjects, Doctrinal, Experimental, and Practical. By Nathan Strong, *Pastor of the North Presbyterian Church in Hartford, Connecticut. Vol. ii.* 8vo. *pp.* 400. *Hartford.* Cooke. 1800.

OUR readers will remember that some account of a former volume of sermons, by this gentleman, was given in the first number of our work; and that we then intimated an expectation that another volume, at least, would soon follow. We are glad to have our anticipation realized; and shall proceed, agreeably to promise, to lay before the public a view of what may be expected in the perusal of these discourses.

The volume contains eighteen sermons, on the following subjects: 1. Men the cause of their own destruction. 2. Replying against God. 3. The folly of replying against God. 4. The wicked desire not the presence and ways of God. 5. The kingdom of God brought nigh unto those who are lost. 6. Christians a light in the world. 7. Considering our ways. 8. Giving the heart to God. 9. The duty of loving our neighbour as ourselves. 10. The same subject continued. 11. Christian self-denial. 12. Experimental religion the same in all ages. 13. The same subject continued. 14. The Gospel of Christ not after man. 15. Shutting the kingdom of heaven against men. 16. The different conditions of men in the present and future world. 17. The duty and benefits of prayer. 18. The grace of God glorified in the general judgment.

Those who recollect the remarks which were made on the discourses of the former volume, will not need to have a new character drawn of

these. The same remarks will, in general, apply to both. The same good sense and piety; the same perspicuous and forcible method of delivering his opinions; and the same concise and luminous characters of composition, are displayed by the author here as formerly.

In the tenth sermon, "On the duty of loving our neighbour as ourselves," Mr. S. thus speaks:

"It is known that much hath been said to detract from this extent of the commandment. It hath been said, that this love ought to be of the same kind as what we have for ourselves, but not the same in degree: and that, if we have the same kind of love, the law with respect to our neighbour is fulfilled. But a person who is filled with the love of selfishness, hath no holy love, even of himself; and, therefore, the same kind of love to his neighbour would be no instance of obedience, for it is a holy affection of the heart which is required.

"It hath been said that we ought to love our neighbour as sincerely as we do ourselves; but it is conceived the sincerity of love doth, in a great measure, depend on the degree of exercise; and that, without the same degree, there cannot be the same sincerity.

"All those considerations which have been mentioned as reasons or arguments, why we should love our neighbour, do equally apply as reasons for loving him in the same degree. It is the command of God, who hath a sovereign right to direct. If we were not very depraved creatures, and hard to understand, and blind to see, the very letter of the commandment would be esteemed a conclusive argument on the point.

"We cannot deny the value of a neighbour's happiness, nor his capacity to receive; for, in these respects, he is like ourselves. If our own happiness be a valuable object in the divine sight, so must be the happiness of others. There is no argument against loving others as we do ourselves, which would not apply, with equal strength, to show that God ought not to be as kind and good to them as he is to us.

"To obviate a difficulty which may arise in some minds from the rule which is given, I observe,

"That from the required degree of love to our neighbour, being the same as to ourselves, it doth not follow that we either can or ought to exercise the same care over him, in all respects, as we do over ourselves. For, first, every man is, by God, committed to his own care. Under God he is appointed to be his own preserver; to watch over his own interests; and to seek his own salvation. Secondly, it is, in the nature of things, impossible that we should exercise the same care over others as we do over ourselves. We cannot, in their stead, love God, exercise faith in Christ, or repent of sin. They must love and repent for themselves; and, neither our agency, nor moral desert, can become theirs. We cannot know what they do or want, or what their state is in many respects; neither can we apply the means of instruction to them, in the manner we may to our own minds: so that we cannot exercise the same care, or do the same duties for them, as we do for ourselves.

"Further, our attention cannot be so fixed on their interests as it may and ought to be on our own. We are very finite in our abilities; and our attention must be chiefly fixed where our duty is principally to be done. Still, it is true that, as there are certain duties which we can and ought to perform for the benefit of our neighbour, we should be as careful, at all times, to perform them, as if they were for ourselves. They ought to be done as punctually, and with as much pleasure and constancy, as if they were done for ourselves. A christian temper would soon make our doctrinal opinions on this subject right, and give a totally new appearance to the practice of mankind.

"The meaning of the divine law is not that we exercise the same care, or do the same duties for others, in all respects, as we do for ourselves, but it is this: a certain degree of care and duty, by the appointment of God, is due to our neighbour; and, by the same appointment, a certain degree is due to ourselves. By God's direction, which is founded on the best of reasons, we are to have as real, and as strong a desire for his best interests, and for the salvation of his soul, as we have for our own souls. Further, we are to be as willing, cheerful, and exact in doing the duties assigned to us, on which his happiness is dependant, as we be in doing those things with which our own felicity is connected. A duty which is equally plain and clear, should be as exactly performed as if it had a

ſole relation to ourſelves; and this is to be done becauſe the well-being of others is as valuable as our own; and, in the performance of duty, we ought never to be governed by a ſelfiſh motive. Such a motive would deſtroy the rectitude and holineſs of the action.

"But it is further objected, that by this rule all diſtinction is taken away between that love which we owe to the virtuous and vicious. We are commanded to love the brethren as a peculiar duty, and this is made a rule of trial, whether we be the children of God. Among our neighbours both characters are included, and are we to love them equally?

"In anſwer to this objection and queſtion, it is replied, that in the ſenſe of the commandment, 'thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf,' we are to love them equally. It is the love of benevolence which we owe to all men, whether they be good or evil; and their capacity for happineſs and ability to ſerve God and his kingdom, are the meaſure of the love that is due to them. It is the love of complacence or delight in their character, temper, and practice, which is peculiarly due to the people of God. They are to be loved for their holineſs, conformity to God, and devotion to his glory and kingdom; and it is by the preſence or want of this complacence that we derive a rule for determining our own ſtate. If we are made holy by the ſanctifying grace of God, we ſhall delight in all holy objects, in the character and law of God, and in the communicated holineſs of temper and practice which we ſee in his people. Alſo, we ſhall delight in them conſidered as members of the glorious and holy body of which Chriſt is the head. It is therefore a love of holineſs that is ſeen, either in the glorious fountain of rectitude, or as it exiſts by the communications of his grace in his people, which is the object of chriſtian complacence and communion. This love furniſhes the rule of examination for the people of God, whether they are in the faith ſavingly, and ſanctified by the ſpirit of Chriſt, unto the enjoyment of his kingdom. If we are chriſtians, indeed, we ſhall delight in that image of God and Chriſt which his people poſſeſs; and, with a peculiar delight, we ſhall love them as ſanctified members of the body of Jeſus. Alſo, our hours of communion with them will be ſweet, in beholding and praiſing the glory of a common Lord, in calling upon him, in worſhipping him, and in anticipating an eternity to be paſſed together in love and praiſe. Theſe complacential and communional exerciſes furniſh the rule by which we are to try the gracious ſincerity of our own hearts; and, if we do not find ſomething of this nature, we do not love the brethren peculiarly, which the objection ſuppoſes to be the rule of trial.

"But the law we are now conſidering particularly means the love of benevolence, or wiſhing well to the being and happineſs of men. Although a good man cannot delight in the ſinful character and practice of thoſe who habitually tranſgreſs the law of God, yet he may moſt ſincerely wiſh them to become holy and happy. If God be pleaſed to remove their ſin, and make them holy, they will become amiable, and the ſtamp of conformity to his character on their hearts, will render them lovely in the ſight of God and men. If he be pleaſed to take away their ſin, they will be new creatures; the odiouſneſs of temper and practice which good people diſlike, will be gone; the abilities which they poſſeſs will be converted to new purpoſes; and, although they are now wretched and deformed, they will be as happy and glorious as we now behold the moſt ſanctified to be. Further, if God be pleaſed to take away their ſin, they will be as active in obeying, as they now are in diſobeying; as active in honouring God, as they now be in diſhonouring him; as zealous for the cauſe of Chriſt, as they are now oppoſed to it; and as much filled with love to the children of God, as they now are with antipathy and the ſpirit of perſecution.

"If this be the caſe, there is no reaſon can be aſſigned why thoſe who are pious ought not to wiſh them as well, be as anxious for their well-being, as faithful in all means to promote ſo deſirable an end, as they would be in the caſe of thoſe who have become obedient in Chriſt Jeſus. It is not uncommon, on beholding the crimes of the vicious, to feel a deteſtation extending to their perſons as well as to their ſins; but this is an unchriſtian ſpirit, and diſobedience to the laws of Chriſt. No man's perſon, which conſiſts in his intelligent powers, and in his capacity for happineſs, can be, in any caſe, a fit object of deteſtation. Deteſtation is due to their ſinful improvement of talents, and to the crimes which are committed, but not to the man conſidered as a being intelligent, active, capable of happineſs,

and able, with a right temper, to do much for the glory of God.

"If this ſubject were conſidered by chriſtians, it would reprove their want of concern for the ſouls of others, and make them more anxious, more prayerful, and more indefatigable in the uſe of means for the converſion of ſinners."

In the 11th diſcourſe, Mr. S. gives the following concise and striking view of the nature of chriſtian ſelf-denial:

"Chriſtian ſelf-denial conſiſts eſſentially in loving God, and the intereſts of his kingdom, more than we love ourſelves and our own private intereſts. The corrupted nature of man is to love himſelf more than he loves God. He attempts to place himſelf on the throne, to be a deity to himſelf, and have his own will ſuperior to all moral obligation. The denial and rejection of this depraved, ſinful nature, is chriſtian ſelf-denial. The divine law, which is reaſonable, requires us to love God, who is infinitely glorious above all others, and more than ourſelves. Alſo, to prefer the divine will, in every reſpect, to our own. This love of God and his will, is the chriſtian ſelf-denial; and it is no other than giving God that place in our affections, and by our ſubmiſſion, which is his right; and taking that place which belongs to us at the foot of divine ſovereignty and excellency.

"Further, accompanying this love of God, and ſubordination of ourſelves to him in our own affections, there will be a preference of all the intereſts of his kingdom to theſe private and ſeparate intereſts of our own, which are of a contradictory nature. The man who can relinquiſh himſelf that he may be all for God; who can cheerfully give back his whole being to Him who is the rightful proprietor, will alſo be able to relinquiſh all intereſts of a private kind, which, in their principles and tendency, are divided from the beſt good, the greateſt perfection, and the higheſt glory of God's kingdom.

"Alſo, where ſelf is ſubordinated to God, men will ſerve him in preference to themſelves. All their powers, faculties, and deſires will be devoted in obedience to do the things which he requireth, whether it be his worſhip, or acts of juſtice, equity, and beneficence to men.

"From the deſcription that hath been given of the eſſential nature of that ſelf-denial which it is made the duty of chriſtians to ſeek, it is nothing more than denying the corrupt part of themſelves; denying that temper which they gained by the apoſtacy, and which they have been indulging through their whole unholy lives. It is denying that temper which they ought never to have poſſeſſed, which is a rebellion againſt reaſon, duty, and the moſt ſacred obligations. But chriſtians are not called upon to deny a good diſpoſition, or to reform from any thing in temper and practice that is excellent. They muſt deny themſelves the wiſhed-for right of oppoſing and reſiſting God, and ſetting themſelves above him; ſince this is not only wrong as againſt God, but contrary to their own happineſs.

"They muſt lay aſide all ambitious views reſpecting the things of this world. Although this will doubtleſs be a croſs to their remaining earthly affections, it will be no croſs to the chriſtian temper, in which, a ſenſe of the higheſt dignity is attached to the near relation which ſubſiſts between God and his people. They muſt lay aſide the proſpects and hope of earthly affluence; for God hath a better good to give them than this, and he often denies them worldly things, leſt their minds ſhould be enticed and cooled in their deſires for heavenly things. They muſt put away a love of ſenſual pleaſure, for no man can be devoted to this, and, at the ſame time, deſire and diligently ſeek ſpiritual enjoyments. Theſe are ſo contrary in their nature, that one or the other muſt be relinquiſhed. They muſt part with the pleaſures of a ſinful and immoral life, for all theſe are incompatible with the chriſtian character, and temper, and practice. But ſtill, in all this ſelf-denial, there is nothing more than the denial of ſin, of ſelfiſhneſs, of an evil ambition, of a wicked avarice, of a criminal ſenſuality, and of ſuch a life as reaſon, inſtructed by the word of God, would chooſe.

"Further, chriſtians are often called to deep afflictions, and to part with their moſt beloved enjoyments, according to the common courſe of providence; but this is not peculiar to them in diſtinction from thoſe who live the moſt ungodly and unchriſtian lives.

"It is alſo known that the enemies of Chriſt's kingdom have been inſtrumental of bringing many evils on his people. How theſe are conſiſtent with as happy a ſtate of the mind as men ever enjoy

here, will be hereafter noticed. It appears, therefore, that the ſelf-denial which is required in the goſpel, eſſentially conſiſts in loving God and the intereſts of his kingdom more than we love ourſelves and our own private intereſts. It is enthroning God in our own hearts, and cheerfully ſubmitting to him in all reſpects. It is denying the idol ſelf, which all men naturally ſet up, and which is the eſſential nature of ſin, and giving God his place in the affections, allowing to his will the ſway which it ought to have in the univerſe—ſubmitting to be, in all reſpects, as he chooſes us to be—and quietly placing ourſelves, our perſons, our families, our properties, our pains and our pleaſures at his diſpoſal. In this conſecration of ourſelves to God there is nothing held back and denied to him or his kingdom; but all is conſecrated as a living ſacrifice, holy and acceptable in his ſight. Such is the general nature of the ſelf-denial required of chriſtians in the goſpel, and thoſe who do not comply have no right to expect benefit from the promiſes of the goſpel."

"On *ſhutting the kingdom of heaven againſt* men," in the 15th ſermon, the author has the following very ſerious and intereſting obſervations:

"Parents, and the governors of families, are in great danger of ſhutting others out from the kingdom of heaven.

"Parents are the miniſters of God, and they ought alſo to be the miniſters of religion in their houſes. Infinite wiſdom inſtituted the natural relation, that it might be ſubſervient to moral and religious purpoſes. From the natural relation, reaſon, even without revelation, is able to infer the religious obligation of parents and heads of families. The heathen will join their teſtimony, that an awful woe ought to come on thoſe parents who do not govern and reſtrain their children from vices, and teach them ſuch duties of religion as may be known by thoſe who have not the word of God. Hence we find that all national communities, in the moſt unchriſtianized lands, who are organized with any public government, do make parents reſponſible for the good conduct of their children.—We have a happier light in the word of God. His word expreſsly enjoins the parental duties of reſtraining, inſtructing, and initiating our offspring in piety, and an early fear and love of God.

"Further, it hath been found, by experience, that there is a near connection between the religious fidelity of parents and the probable ſalvation of their offſpring. This will not be denied by any who have ſerious and experimental notions of religion. Thoſe may doubt this who think that bare civility, and decency of manners, are all the needed preparation for eternal life; but the pious cannot doubt. The word of God is ſtored with encouragements to this duty in parents—with threatenings to thoſe who neglect—awful threatenings to themſelves and their poſterity—and with examples, both awful and encouraging, to enforce truth and duty on the minds of men.

"The duties of parents are, to reſtrain the paſſions, and ſubject the ſtubborn wills of their depraved offspring: to inſtruct them in all the principles, doctrines, obligations and duties of religion to God and man: to teach them their accountableneſs and dependance on an infinite God, both for time and eternity: to unfold to their underſtanding the infinite perfections, and the natural and moral glories of his character: to ſhow them their own immoral diſpoſition, and in what it eſſentially conſiſts, and how it leads them to evil practices: to impreſs their minds with a ſenſe of a coming eternity, a judgment before the bar of God, and a ſentence of endleſs duration in its effects of bleſſedneſs or woe: to indoctrinate them in the glorious ſcheme of redemption by an all-ſufficient Saviour, teaching them how his glorious character is formed—how he made an atonement for ſin—and how ſinners are effectually called home to himſelf, by the convincing, renewing and ſanctifying influences of the Spirit. Alſo, to acquaint them with the exerciſes, trials and comforts of a chriſtian life; and ſhow them the intimate connection between a true ſaving faith and love, and a life of good works in the ſight of men. The parent who doth not all this neglects his duty.

"And in ſeveral of the particulars which have been mentioned, the inſtruction muſt be given by example. Indeed, in all reſpects, the example of the parent muſt confirm his precepts, or they will be of little avail. Recommendations of prayer to the child, unleſs he ſees the parent practiſing the duty himſelf, or

exhortations to truth, integrity and decent language, while there is a conſtant example of falſhood, diſhoneſty and profaneneſs, will fail of doing any good.

"Having conſidered the ſeveral ways in which parents are under obligation to be miniſters of religious inſtruction and piety in their houſes, it enables us to ſee how exceedingly they are expoſed to the woe and condemnation of our text, for ſhutting out their children, and the young who are under their care, from the kingdom of heaven. O cruel parents to do it! but many are guilty! many become miniſters of ſin to thoſe whom they love ſo well. While labouring for their earthly good, by neglecting to give religious inſtruction, and by an evil example, they prevent them entering the kingdom of glory. How many parents do this, by neglecting all ſerious inſtruction, either moral or evangelical! how many by their own examples of immorality and profaneneſs! how many by the neglect of prayer and pious order in their houſes! how many by ſuffering their children to hear them ridicule ſerious people, and their delight in the worſhip of God! O parent who art of this character, how great is thy blindneſs! Art thou afraid thy children will ſerve God too much—even that God who made thee and thy offspring, and is giving the good things every day, to make the trial, whether or not, by his goodneſs, thou wilt be led to repentance? Canſt thou think that an habitual remembrance, fear and love of God, will do an injury to thy beloved offspring? No, thy conſcience hath not yet permitted thee to believe this; but the truth is, thou haſt thyſelf no delight in ſerving God; and to ſee thy young ones going before thee in ſerving and ſeeking their Maker, wounds thy pride, harrows thine own conſcience for paſt neglects, and rings thee to a painful reflection on thy duty and thy danger. Thine own averſion to the truth and duties of religion overpowers even the yearnings of natural affection. Their younger and leſs hardened conſciences reprove thine own want of godlineſs, and it is more pleaſant to thy luſts to have the whole ſleep together, than it is to be diſturbed by young practical preachers of religion.—O unhappy parent! now thou canſt neglect thy duty; now thou canſt ſay all may end well; now thou canſt ſay, in the ſtrength of parental affection, thoſe children have long to live, and I ardently hope it will be well with them. But remember they may die ſpeedily, and if thou ſhouldſt ſurvive, how wilt thou look on their cold corpſes with compoſure, while in remembrance of thine own neglect? How wilt thou meet them before the bar of a moſt holy Judge, and hear him ſay, theſe ſhall periſh under their iniquities, but their blood will I require at thy hand? How many unhappy parents may we fear will fall under this woe and condemnation!"

With reſpect to the literary character of these diſcourſes, we find excellences and defects ſimilar to those noticed in the firſt volume. We could wish the excellent truths which Mr. S. delivers, had been presented in a more polished, correct, and elegant style. He diſcovers a degree of careleſsneſs, in some instances, concerning his mode of expreſſion, which cannot fail to offend the reader of taſte; while, in others, he conveys his ideas with a degree of felicity and beauty, which fully convinces us that attention to style is all that is neceſſary to make him a very engaging writer.

We truſt none will accuſe us of placing polish of language, and beauty of phraſe, at the head of the liſt, in recounting the attributes of good compoſition. We are ſenſible every thing of this kind ought to be viewed, and is viewed, by diſcerning readers, as a ſubordinate conſideration. It ought not to be forgotten, however, by writers at the preſent day, that the taſte of the age, with reſpect to style, is faſtidious; and that it is the duty of those who wish to be read, to make their *manner* as attractive as poſſible. A very grave, profound, and, what is more, *inſpired* writer, ſpeaks of *choosing out acceptable words;* and this is, perhaps, one of the methods of captivating men, to which the Apoſtle Paul meant to give his ſanction, when he talked of *taking them with guile.* If Mr. S.'s ſer-

mons be not read extensively, and for a long time to come, which they well deserve to be, it may probably be ascribed to his having paid too little attention to this point.

Art. LV.

Poems, chiefly occasional, by the late Mr. Cliffton. *To which are prefixed, Introductory Notices of the Life, Character, and Writings of the Author.* 18*mo. pp.* 119. *New-York.* J. W. Fenno. 1800.

BEFORE we proceed to the consideration of the poems contained in this volume, we shall make a few remarks on the "Notices of the Life, Character, and Writings of the Author," prefixed by the Editor. They contain some assertions of too extraordinary a kind to be permitted to pass unnoticed by those who feel any concern for the reputation of their country, or any solicitude for the cause of truth.

After the first paragraph the attention of the reader is arrested by the following passages:

"In America genius is a lowly, wild and neglected shrub, shooting up apparently by *fantastic accident, amidst the confines* of a dreary, desolate waste; happy if it escape the ruthless hand of persecution and oppression—always hopeless of attracting the enlivening dews of *patrician favour*, or the rays of the *benignant* sun of congenial science.

"Herein, as well as a thousand other respects, are the conduct and the character of America essentially *anti-republican;* and the painful fact exists a distinguishing characteristic of difference from every other enlightened people.

"It is a melancholy truth, that in America, the only roads to *eminence*, in letters, are by the vilest quackery and the grossest pedantry. Tales concerning old women on their death-beds, affidavits of the efficacy of iron skewers in curing disorders of every species, and crude dissertations, *dictionaries of the American language*, and uncouth and ignorant systems of grammar and orthography, and shreds and patches of geography, are your only *politic books*. These flourish in unbounded eclat, edition upon edition of them is called for, and they throng the libraries and book-stores, *whilst works of genius and merit go continually to the grocer or the pastry cook in cart-loads, after having ruined those who have enterprised in them.*

"For this dulness, for this profound apathy to the voice of genius and learning, there is no excuse. We have the broad luminary before us, and our sphere is shone upon by lights adequate to its illumination. We grope about with dark lanterns during the full blaze of the meridian orb. It hath been sworn that the light of science shall not shine here, and all avenues are accordingly barred against it. Its temple is occupied wholly by *ignorance* and *pedagogy*.

"The baths of Alexandria, and the wrath of the Caliph, were not more fatal vortices to learning than this state of hebetude in the public mind. The hand of desolation may again destroy, as it hath destroyed, all that is destructible of the *works* of genius and of learning; and genius itself shall survive and light anew the lamp of science. But when an *universal irruption of Gothicism* upon any country hath overpowered and decomposed all the energies and noble faculties of the mind, *as it seemeth here to have done*, the case is hopeless: no morning dawn need be again looked for but in the eventual purgation of the earth and the renovation of nature.

——"*This* once extinguish'd ray
Will ne'er resuscitate another day.
Here, Science, thy last stage of being lies,
No other Phœnix from thy dust shall rise."
Group.

"When *an utter apathy has seized on a whole community*, and a perfect indifference to science and the works of genius *pervades all ranks;* when political rancour hath subdued every fine feeling of the soul to that relish which will endure nothing but malice and fury, the conflagrating hand of an Omar can add nothing to the devastation. A veto is imposed on the efforts of genius, as effectual as a statute punishing them with death.

"This hath not always been the reproach of popular governments. Even in modern days, under the auspices of republican forms, rich offerings have been made at the altar of learning in her own consecrated temple. Refreshing

fragrance hath often been heaped on the cenſer of genius by prieſts worthy to have officiated in the higheſt honours of Apollo in happier times. Venice and Tuſcany have emitted rays, the ſplendour of which hath illumined every region.—Switzerland alſo claims an honourable eſtimation, as the prolific ſource of ingenious ſpeculation, of intereſting and inſtructive narration, and of profound and elaborate reſearch. Even Holland has had her Grotius—even

In thoſe cold fens, beneath thoſe ſhifting ſkies,
Where fancy ſickens, and where genius dies;

there have yet been found ſome *liſteners to the voice of* learning and *elaborate reſearch*. And though the few in whoſe breaſts the vital ſpark hath there glowed may not have reaped the fortune nor the honours of Addiſon, or Pope, or Rumford, yet their merits never produced to them ſtarvation nor perſecution."

The great extravagance and abſurdity of these reflections would excite a smile rather than provoke animadversion, did we not think it a duty to enter a protest against such representations, lest, if ſuffered to pass uncontradicted, they may, by frequent repetition, gain the belief of such as have not opportunity, or sufficient means of information, to determine their truth or falsehood. It has been frequent, of late years, with some writers, to decry all the literary productions of their contemporaries, and to deny the votaries of literature in America, every claim to genius, wit, or erudition. If Americans possessed an inordinate vanity in this respect, it might be useful, perhaps, to repress or correct it, by asserting the folly of such vain pretensions; but the national vanity seems to be rather *political* than literary.

It would not be difficult to point out the causes why *authorship* is not a *profession*, and book-making a *trade* here, as well as in Great-Britain, France or Germany; and to prove that Americans are not endowed with less genius, or less intellectual capacity and vigour, than their fellow-beings on the other side of the Atlantic. But such an inquiry would lead us out of our province; and we must be content, for the present, with some brief strictures on the passages which have been quoted.

The complaints of *neglected merit*, and *genius starving* with want, are, at this time, almost stale; and, in general, few complaints are made with so little foundation in truth or reason. They are too often the offspring of a disordered fancy, indolence, fastidiousness, or caprice. In no country are the paths of literature and science the direct avenues to wealth and power. The modest and retired votaries of learning and science must be content with the humble, but dignified state they have chosen. To repine at the want of opulence and power, while they disdain the only sure means by which they can be attained, discovers a childish folly, which expects the laws of nature to be changed, to gratify its impatient longings.

If riches are the object of desire, they are within the reach of all who will grovel, with toilsome perseverance, in their pursuit. If ambitious to lodge in a palace, or be drawn in a chariot, the closet must be exchanged for the counting-house; Homer and Longinus, for the Lex Mercatoria, and Daily Gazette. He who aspires to a seat in the Senate, must not support his claim to the suffrages of the people, by proving his knowledge of the art of poetry, his skill in music, or his acquaintance with chemistry. The man of action, not of contemplation, he who is ready to devote his days and nights, with laborious diligence, to the concerns of others, is the person who will be selected for the management of their affairs, and on

whom they will bestow honour and profit, the rewards of his activity and zeal. He who will not thus devote his talents to the service of others, in things which regard their immediate interest, must be content to enjoy the admiration of the few, and the pleasures which flow from the cultivation of his taste and understanding.

Switzerland appears to have little claim to be exalted above the United States, for the spontaneous patronage and encouragement it has given its learned and ingenious citizens. The degree of fostering aid afforded to the great and immortal HALLER, in his youth, is well known. That prodigy of genius and learning surmounted the early embarrassments of his situation by his native energies; and, after pursuing the bent of his own superior mind, and visiting the principal cities and universities of Europe, where he studied under the greatest masters, returned to his own country richly fraught with knowledge and science; but could not, for years, obtain from the cold indifference of his countrymen the least public employment, and was refused even a professorship which he repeatedly solicited. When a great monarch, and foreign societies, offered him their patronage and honours, as a small tribute due his unrivalled genius and learning, then, indeed, the citizens of the canton of Berne perceived the value of a man whom foreign States were ambitious to enroll among their subjects. It was not until the rays of his genius were reflected from a distance that his countrymen could see its magnitude and splendour.

The *persecution* of GROTIUS is remarkable. That illustrious scholar and civilian was sentenced to *perpetual imprisonment* in his own country, from which he escaped by the aid and contrivance of a faithful wife. It was in that dungeon assigned him by the *patronage* of the enlightened citizens of Holland, that he composed that great work on the law of nature and nations, which has added so much glory to his name, and honour to the place which gave him birth.

It would be easy, by resorting to Great-Britain, France, and other nations, to show their inattention or ingratitude to genius and talents, and to prove that America is less deserving of reproach, in this respect, than any other country.

But the envy and neglect which men of genius experience from their countrymen is so common, that the remark has grown into a proverb, of which many a pretender to genius avails himself, to console his disappointed vanity. It is needless to dwell on the enormity of that prejudice which can describe the people of America as worse than Goths, Vandals or Saracens.

If genius is not sufficiently patronized in America, we may, at least, fairly challenge the author of these notices to produce an instance of its suffering by the "ruthless hand of persecution, or *starving* through indigence and neglect."

Some hints have been thrown out by newspaper writers, of a plan for a dictionary of the American language; but no such performance has yet appeared, nor do we believe that it will ever see light, while we continue to speak the *English* tongue.

Those talents which are exercised in proving "the efficacy of iron skewers," have met with little support in this country. *Perkinism* has found its *patrons in England*, and it is from thence that volumes of old women's tales and affidavits are imported. In no country do *pretenders* to science find less encouragement than in the United States.

Mr. Webster's Grammar is neither an uncouth nor ignorant pro-

duction.—His attempt to alter or reform the orthography of our language is no more ridiculous or contemptible than similar schemes proposed by many learned and ingenious men in Great-Britain.

Do the publications of Dr. Morse, for he is the only man who has written on the subject, deserve to be called the "shreds and patches of geography?" If so, what must we think of the geographical grammars published in England, none of which are superior in arrangement, copiousness or accuracy.

This writer is, indeed, unlucky in the instances of *quackery* and *pedantry* which he has selected for the purpose of degrading the character of the American nation.

Without supposing gross ignorance and prejudice, it is difficult to account for the strange contradiction and exaggeration which these "notices" discover. We are told, in one sentence, that *works of genius* and merit *go continually, in cart-loads*, to the grocer and pastry-cook; and, in another, that *all the energies and faculties of the mind* are decomposed and destroyed, and that the temple of *genius* and *learning* is wholly occupied by ignorance and *pedagogy*.

If this piece of *biography* and *criticism* were selected as a specimen of Anglo-American composition, we should not wonder at being censured or ridiculed for affectation, conceit, bombast, and every impurity of diction: for the annals of "ignorance and pedagogy," or of *American* literature, might be searched, in vain, for a performance in which so many faults of every sort are crowded into so narrow a compass. The taste of the writer is, if possible, more depraved than his judgment.

The biographical portion of these notices is very scanty. Those who are curious to know in what clime the poet first drew his breath—what was his early education, habits and pursuits—and by what accident or turn of mind he was led to the paths of poetry, will not find their curiosity gratified. The following is all we are told of his life and character:

"The rupture of a blood-veſſel, at the age of nineteen, diſqualifiſed him for the active ſcenes of life. From that period until his death, at the age of twenty-ſeven, he devoted himſelf, with unwearied aſſiduity, to the cultivation of liberal letters: endowed by nature with a lively and penetrating genius, a mind of uncommon ſtrength, and a judgment remarkably acute, this application of his powers could not fail to produce the mellow fruit of ſtudy.

"But the weakneſs of his frame owned no kindred to the energy of his mind. He had accumulated upon it a burthen over-proportioned to its powers, and, like ill-ſorted travellers, they very early parted—parted forever. The active vigour of his genius

"Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay."

"He ſtruggled long againſt the inſidious approaches of a fatal hectic; and, while he ſought by various means to divert its influence, bore, with the reſolution of a ſtoic, many of the ſevereſt ills that fleſh is heir to. From his friends he ſtudiouſly concealed thoſe apprehenſions of his dangerous condition, which the unconquerable obſtinacy of his diſorder had long taught him to entertain. Such was the exquiſite refinement of his mind, ſo delicately ſympathetic was his ſenſibility, that he frequently reſiſted his feelings, and contended againſt ſerious indiſpoſition, rather than diſturb the enjoyments of that frequent circle of friends of which he was an eſſential ornament and delight.

"In the ſports of the field he enjoyed peculiar pleaſure; and the frequent exerciſe which he derived from the purſuit of his favourite pleaſure, ſhooting, contributed, perhaps, in no mean degree to the prolongation of his life. In that ſport which, in ſpite of the idle invectives of unthinking perſons, is peculiarly worthy of a liberal mind, he was, as in almoſt every thing he purſued, thoroughly accompliſhed.

"Nor did he ſhine leſs in moſt of thoſe other *ſmall, ſweet courteſies of life*, which,

as Sterne pathetically exclaims, *make ſo ſmooth the road of it. An expert ſwordſman*, a ſcientific and admirable muſician, an accompliſhed painter, and a graceful dancer: he was no leſs an ornament to the private walks of life, than to that higher and more ſplendid ſphere, the ſuperior attractions of which ſeldom left him free to diſplay thoſe accompliſhments which were more generally ſought after and admired.

"His company was courted with aſſiduity by men of ſenſe, and by the few men of rank who figure in that number. But he ſought the ſhade, delighting more to linger with his little ſocial circle, on the banks of Ilyſſus, than in all the attractions of *patrician* pomp and ſplendour.

"In the month of December, America loſt this bright ornament to her name. Cut off in the early morn of life, at the intereſting period when the reſults of long ſtudy were daily maturing to 'further ends more excellent,' we are left doubly mourners, for what he was, and what he would have been.

"Mr. Cliffton was in ſtature of the middle ſize; his perſon well proportioned, and not inelegant. The portrait prefixed to this volume is a tolerable accurate delineation of his features: he had an eye ſo animated, and a countenance, generally, of ſuch intereſt and prepoſſeſſion, that the moſt ſkilful painter could not have hoped to copy them."

After forcing our way through a field of briars and brambles, and noiſome weeds, we arrive, with pleaſure, to a garden where we expect to be refreſhed, and regaled with delicious fruits and fragrant flowers.

Mr. Cliffton is introduced to his readers as a ſatirist, and his firſt poem, "the Group," affords a favourable diſplay of his vigour and adroitneſs in that character. This piece, however, labours under all thoſe diſadvantages incident to a performance connected with local circumſtances, and abounding with alluſions to obſcure individuals. It appears to have been the deſign of the poet to pourtray a ſet of illiterate pragmatical demagogues in the city of Philadelphia, who, neglecting the occupations of their workſhops, are ſuppoſed to come together for the purpoſe of diſcuſſing politics, and reviling the meaſures of government. The individuals of this herd are exhibited by the artiſt in the moſt odious ſhapes and ludicrous attitudes; and as they glide through the magic-lantern of his muſe, we are alternately agitated by laughter and ſickened by diſguſt. Whether the common practice of ridiculing perſonal deformities be within the legitimate province of ſatire, is a queſtion that ſeldom occurs with much cogency to thoſe who are only the merry ſpectators of the ſhow. Moſt men are fond of being on the laughing ſide, and do not always reflect that a miſ-ſhapen form, and an ungainly viſage, are not incompatible with good principles and amiable propenſities. As we may preſume, however, that the author was well acquainted with the moral turpitude of the men he expoſes to odium, it is natural and very allowable to aſſociate in his deſcription their corporeal with their intellectual deformities, and involve both in the effuſions of his hatred and deriſion.

On the intrinſic merits of this compoſition we are inclined to be laviſh of our encomiums. It abounds with wit, and much humorous alluſion; and the verſification, with a few exceptions, unites, in a maſterly manner, the energy of thought with the gracefulneſs of diction. The following paſſage is a good ſpecimen of the ardour of his fancy, and of the nerves and ſinews that enter into the texture of his verſe. He is deſcribing the future reign of equality and Gothicism in this country; and although, in this inſtance, he diſplays the eye of a poet "in a fine frenzy rolling," yet, like the poet's neighbour, the lunatic, he ſeems to ſee "more devils than vaſt hell can hold."

"The hour is haſtening, when on equal feet
Exalted Virtue and low Vice ſhall meet;
When Envy, Faction, Indolence ſhall rage,
In one wild tempeſt, thro' the troubled age:
Then human dignity ſhall meet its doom:
Devotion periſh, Reaſon, Worth, a tomb,
In the rude waſtes of Ignorance ſhall find,
And true Equality ſhall bleſs mankind.
So when the Kamſin of the deſert flies
'Twixt ardent ſands, and ſummer kindled ſkies,
The gaſping trav'ller meets the arid death,
And, proſtrate in the duſt, reſigns his breath.
Then ſhall no pedant prieſt, with learned pride,
Point out the ſacred volume for our guide;
No more the civil law, or moral page,
The arm ſhall fetter, or the ſoul engage;
But pile on pile the File of Arts ſhall raiſe,
And all the knowledge of all ages blaze,
As when the Gothic conflagration hurl'd
Its ſmoky volumes round the ſleeping world:
The Fiend of Ruin, with demoniac yell,
Flits round the flame, directs the work of hell;
With ſheets of ſulphur wings the driving gale,
And ſhakes deſtruction from his dragon tail.
Yet, not as then: the once extinguiſh'd ray
Shall ne'er reſuſcitate another day;
Here, Science, thy laſt ſtage of being lies!
No other Phœnix from thy duſt ſhall riſe;
And no ſad veſtige ſhall remain to tell,
The temple's baſis, where thou lov'dſt to dwell."

The "Rhapsody on the Times" relates principally to the adventures of an Irish emigrant, who is represented as coming to America with a view of acquiring popular renown by intermeddling with the affairs of our government, and preaching the blessings of political reform. This little offspring of a sportive genius is replete with original conceptions, gay images, and witty allusions. The following effusion, upon the disgrace of the emigrant, conveys the patriotic spirit of the poet, in numbers lively and harmonious.

"Dear Spirit of our happy clime,
With ſtar-deck'd Tiar', and port ſublime,
Who hear'ſt the ſavage yell of *war*,
And giv'ſt to pity many a *tear*;
Canſt thou believe, oh! Goddeſs bleſt!
Such Styg'an fiends thy realm infeſt?
Yes, ſuch againſt thy ray ſerene
Do darkling howl with wolfiſh ſpleen;
And wiſh to ſee thee crucified,
Thy ſeamleſs garments to divide.

"Can he who 'gainſt his parent rais'd
His impious arm, by us be prais'd?
No; rather, each Columbian breaſt
The vagrant caitiff will deteſt.
Can he who made the law his foe
At home, with us be faithful? No:
The dog that bit his Maſter there
Walks in a longer tether here."

We cannot forbear reciting, from the same piece, the following beautiful apostrophe to Washington.

"In Vernon's groves whoſe ſhade unites
The active joys and calm delights,
The victor's wreath, and civic crown,
Content, love, friendſhip, and renown;
Where endleſs ſmiles Potomac wears,
The halcyon PEACE her neſt prepares.
The patriot Chief who there reſides,
As down the ſtream of life he glides,
She hovers o'er, and ſoothes his ears
With muſic of the heav'nly ſpheres.
When late ſhe heard the diſtant cry
Of war, and ſpread her wings to fly,
'Twas he who charm'd her fears to reſt,
And ſooth'd her on his parent breaſt.
Yes, Peace, 'twas he who kindly ſtrove
To wed thee to our Eagle's love.
Then ſtill with all thy baſhful train
Of golden bleſſings, haunt the plain:
Bid Beauty looſe her muſky hair,
Bid Pleaſure, wreath'd in ſmiles, be there;
The Muſes ſport thy beams among,
And jocund Plenty laugh along,
While ſafely in thy olive ſhade,
At eaſe her careleſs limbs are laid.

"Bleſs'd Saint, at thy enlivening word
The voice of gladneſs ſhall be heard;
And all our joyous vales along,
How charming ſweet, thy Turtles' ſong:
Till War, amidſt his wild career,
Suſpend his whirlwind rage to hear,
And every weary realm rejoice
To echo back thy angel voice.

And thou, "immortal freedom's fire,"
Whom all revere, eſteem, admire;
With all that gratitude can give,
For ever in our breaſts ſhalt live."

The American edition of the "Baviad and Mæviad" has already presented to the public the Epiſtle of our author to W. Gifford, Esq. It is in this address that the youthful bard concenters all the rays of his genius, and gives play to the elegant accompliſhments of his muſe. The lucid current of his verſe reflects the beauties of a mind where taſte and fancy are in a very flouriſhing ſtate. His lines, abounding with ideas and images, are free from all redundancy of expreſſion, and march, with majeſtic port, to meaſures made up of gracefulneſs and harmony. The Epiſtle begins thus:

"In theſe cold ſhades, beneath theſe ſhifting ſkies,
Where Fancy ſickens, and where Genius dies;
Where few and feeble are the Muſe's ſtrains,
And no fine frenzy riots in the veins."

The author here utters a complaint, which we do not believe is derived from a real cauſe; and this complaint ſeems to imply a regret that our climate is not ſo propitious to genius and fancy as the climate of England. That a poet is obliged to dwell in deeper ſhades in this country than in Great-Britain is not true, for it is well known that we have more reſplendent ſunſhine in one day than England enjoys in ſix; and as for our ever "ſhifting ſkies," let a poet of Albion deſcribe the ſuperior uniformity of her atmoſphere.

——————— "The baleful eaſt
Withers the tender ſpring, and ſourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of ſummers, balmy airs, and ſkies ſerene;
Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This diſmal change! The brooding elements,
Do they, your powerful Miniſters of wrath,
Prepare ſome fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fixt in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent Nature! O diſſolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: give the genial weſt
To breathe; and, in its turn, the ſprightly north;
And may once more the circling ſeaſons rule
The year; nor mix in every monſtrous day." ARMSTRONG.

If fancy and genius, then, do not flouriſh in America, and expand with as much luxuriance as in ſome other regions, let us not impute the failure to phyſical diſadvantages.

"We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil."

The maſculine talents of Mr. C. are again exhibited in the "Chimeriad," where there appears much boldneſs of fancy and ſtrength of language. This poem remains in an unfiniſhed ſtate.

"Talleyrand's deſcent into Hell" is a curious and intereſting piece of compoſition. The writer's deſcription of the infernal regions is awfully picturesque and ſublime, and Talleyrand's ſituation and feelings fill our minds with horror. The torpor and liſtleſsneſs of the Americans, at a criſis when France is ſuppoſed to be plotting their ruin, is announced in terms the moſt emphatic and alarming.

"Infatuate men! ah, what avails your *boaſt*,
Your riſing Navy, and your guarded coaſt,
Your hoſts of patriot youth, in arms array'd;
'Tis, all, the wretched ſhadow of a ſhade.
For ſoon the ſpoiler comes 'with wanton wiles,
With quips, and cranks, and nods, and wreathed ſmiles,'
Diſarms your vengeance, ſtays the lifted blow,
And lays your freedom and your honour low.

So the poor girl whoſe bold ſeducer flies
With ſteps too rude to ſeize the virgin prize,
Frowns on the wretch who dar'd invade her charms,
And all her injur'd feelings ruſh to arms:
But ſoon return'd, he drops an artful tear,
And pours his plaintive ſorrows in her ear,
Till treacherous love admits the wily cheat,
And ſtamps her ruin and her ſhame complete.
So Satan once, with "diplomatic ſkill,"
RUSH'd through the tangles of the ſacred hill,
Beguil'd the truth of *Adams'* honeſt mind,
And nail'd the yoke of miſchief on mankind.
Infatuate men! while clouds inveſt the air,
You fondly dream to-morrow will be fair;
Still careleſs, on the ſame dull road you ſtray,
Nor heed the ſtormy dangers of the way;
With you the frolic and the feaſt is found,
The chariot rattles and the glaſs goes round:
You ſtill can truck your wares, and go to bed
With ſome new ſpeculation in your head;
Still ſtrut the 'Change with Haberdaſher pride;
Still count the profits, and the gain divide;
Still take the breakfaſt-paper, and explore
The advertiſing columns o'er and o'er;
And if the tale ſhould meet your liſtleſs glance,
Of ſome new land a prey to bloody France,
You ſtill can look at home, with vaſt content,
And underwrite the ſtate for one per cent."

The volume concludes with a few miscellaneous pieces, several of which tend to raise our opinion of Mr. Cliffton's poetical abilities. His "Flights of Fancy," and his address "to Fancy," contain some lines that are exquisitely fine; and we are gratified in discovering that Mr. C. was not only a keen satirist, and elegant versifier, but that his mind was enriched with tender and delicate sentiments, and possest those nice sensibilities that are ever alive to the beautiful displays of rural nature. Where shall we find sweeter imagery than in these verses?

"From crag to crag, with devious ſweep,
Some frantic flood ſhall headlong go;
And, burſting o'er the dizzy ſteep,
Shall ſlumber in the lake below.

"But on the roſe's dewy brink,
Each priſmy tear ſhall catch the gleam;
And give the infant buds to drink
The colours of the morning beam."

It is impossible to dismiss this little volume without a sigh of regret for the untimely fate of the juvenile bard. We venture to assert that a poet of superior genius has not yet arisen among us. For originality of ideas, combined with precision, strength and elegance of expression, he is inferior to none of his countrymen; but for a union of these with genuine wit and sublime fancy, he is, perhaps, unrivalled in our land.—Alas! his fame can be no farther extended by the exertions of his genius, for mortality has extinguished the ray that had just begun to heighten the lustre of our literary sphere.

ART. LVI.

Desultory Reflections on the Political Aspects of Public Affairs in the United States of America. Part ii. 8*vo. pp.* 38. *New-York.* J. W. Fenno. 1800.

THE *first* part of these desultory reflections was noticed in a former Review,* in which we had occasion to dissent from the opinions of the author, and to disapprove his manner and language. The perusal of this *second* part has not tended to exalt our opinion of the soundness of his judgment, the

* Auguſt, p. 131.

acuteness of his reasoning, or the propriety of his diction.

It appears to be the principal design of the writer to correct some errors which he supposes to have crept into our *political nomenclature*, to point out the evils which may proceed from those errors, and to guard against the violent schemes of that party which seeks to profit by them.

In the pages preliminary to the discussion of the propriety of the terms adopted by the two political parties in the United States, the people are stigmatised as incorrigibly supine and slothful in every thing which relates to their political welfare. We shall select a few passages the most striking for *justness of sentiment* and *felicity of expression*.

"It is the curse of the age in which our lot hath been cast, that not only men, in general, think less of those concerns which belong to their permanent tranquillity, than of the *carking* cares of gain: but, that a very large portion of society think not of them at all.

"Hence it arises, that the public concerns are swayed by characters, and by circumstances, grovelling and insignificant; that the most abject classes of society give law to their masters; and that a progressive decline marks, in painful traces, the funereal progress of our political career. We seem to have abandoned ourselves to the lethargy of the sloth, *and to have crept up the Tree of Apathy*, where every murmur of every breeze excites a narrow and chilling dread, lest our repose be for a moment annoyed. Our fears, our alarms, are all the emotions of an abject cowardice, impelled by strong circumstances to blink at danger, and then slinking into the former state of sluggishness, till again roused by new excitements, fruitless of all useful effect as the former. One call to action succeeds another in ineffectual round, for the last leaves us where we were found by the first.

"From visionary dreams, from fantastic prognostications and golden hopes, we were roused by the phrenzy of the French Revolutionists, through the instrumentality of their agent Genet. A miracle, the forbearance of Robespierre, extricated us most unfortunately from a dilemma, which it was hoped would terminate in a declaration of war on the part of that extraordinary monster. But *the whim of Robespierre, and our ill stars conjoined, cut us off from a contingency so devoutly to be wished: a contingency which must inevitably have precluded all those unhappy calamities which have since been brought upon the country.* But, this danger evaded, we slept again, *assumed the wreath of Meconium*, and abandoned ourselves, in such confidence, to repose, as if security and thoughtlessness were the only attributes with which we were endowed, the only characteristics of our natures.

"After two years' hostilities, waged with remorseless persecution and cruelty; after innumerable flagellations of our defenceless people, and numerous murders; after the loss of a thousand valuable merchantmen, and the extinction of that *Character*, under the auspices of which alone we could have acted with effect, and after the Government had kneeled again and again, in the dirt, to lick the dust at the feet of low-bred upstarts, the people rose, and demanded war. A new system was put in force, and how wonderful, and how glorious were its effects, until our *Evil Genius* administered a new *portion of Mandragora*, lulled the very soul of the country to sleep, and sunk every energy into a *state of inexorable somnolency*.

"As we have slept, and idly dreamed of peace, and repose, and security, and Republican millenarianism, new perils have sprung up from the fertile hot-bed of faction; and, watered by the genial dews of demagogy, and cherished by the benignant sun of Philosophism, have taken deep root, to bring forth fruit abundantly.

"As we have slept, we have been impassively borne along to the *verge of a crisis, on the turn of which hangs no less a point than the fate of the whole community:* and we are arrived nearly to the decision, without even a random effort to stay the plague which impends.

"As we have slept amidst the delusions of commissioners, assurances, negociations, and words, and sounds, and schemes, without meaning, and without other effect than to prolong our torpidity, the machinations of the servants of the enemy have advanced to a violent probability of success, in their long contemplated project of obtaining possession of the Government of the country. A

cataſtrophe at even the poſſibility of which who is ſo infatuated as not to tremble.

"But the ſucceſs of Faction, in *forcing down* its Candidate *upon* the public, is, as I promiſe myſelf hereafter to make apparent, but an inſignificant means to a vaſt end."

This is the first time that we have heard the people of the United States cenſured for *political inſenſibility* and ſtupidity. They have hitherto been accuſed as too anxiouſly vigilant, too feelingly alive to whatever may nearly or remotely affect their political condition and happineſs; as thinking more of the affairs of the public, and the political events of the day, than their corn-fields and work-ſhops.

The following paſſages exhibit the view given by this writer of the form and name of our political conſtitution, and of the diſtinctive appellations of the two parties into which the people are divided.

"The jacobiniſm, or anti-federaliſm, or true Americaniſm, or (according to the laſt diſtinction which it has aſſumed) the *republicaniſm* of America, took its origin at the eſtabliſhment of the preſent conſtitution of the United States, improperly denominated Federal.

"The anti-federaliſts (the undoubted jacobins of that day and of this) declared the government contemplated by their political opponents to be monſtrous* and impracticable, and advocated a form of ſimple confederation in its ſtead.

"This faction miſrepreſented, in toto, the nature and form of the contemplated inſtitution, ſince the conſtitution of the United States poſſeſſes no one feature of a federal government. On the contrary, it was the miſery which the people had encountered under their federal government, which induced the abolition of that form and eſtabliſhment of the preſent.

"The conſtitution of the United States, in its *original form* (I mean as it was eventually adopted), contains, in no inſtance, any acknowledgment of the *ſupremacy*, of the local governments. They are therein repeatedly and expreſsly recognized as *fiefs* of the general ſupremacy, and as ſuch are by that inſtrument holden to numerous *feudal* duties; but they are never recognized as paramount ſovereignties, nor even as coeſtates. So prepoſterous an idea never could ariſe in any other than the preſent *ridiculous æra*.

"Such were the views," ſpeaking of the convention, "which prevailed over the eſtabliſhment of the conſtitution of the United States. It was eſſentially and entirely an act of conſolidation, taking place of the act of federation, which had *died of inanition*.

"While theſe, the only proper and legitimate conceptions of the nature of that inſtrument, obtained, an uninterrupted tide of proſperity diſtinguiſhed the public fortunes. Nor was it till that fatal breach was made in this barrier round the public weal, by which the States were made paramount Sovereignties, that faction ever attained that daring height which it almoſt inſtantly aſſumed. No longer was there wanting to the jacobins a point of rallying, no longer had any one to exclaim with Archimedes, Δος που στω: their indiſpenſible paſſion for revolutionary movements was confirmed on the moſt important baſis, by this eſtabliſhment of its practicability, and of the long-deſired *means* to their end.

"While there was but one government in the country; while the States were regarded but as ſo many lieutenancies, or ſubordinate diviſions, ſuffered to exiſt in their ancient form, inſtead of being conſtituted counties, only from deference to prejudice; while, in fact, there was but one rallying point, and of courſe an unity of action, and an entirety of organization, the people revolted at the projects of revolutionizers when they dared, which, indeed, was then ſeldom, to carry their views, openly, to that extent. But no ſooner was the foundation of the conſtitution ſubverted, and the governments of the country multiplied to ſeventeen or eighteen, than Faction immediately laid its axe at the root of the conſtitution of the United States, and employed all its efforts to bring about the ſubſtitution of the State governments in its ſtead; in other words, to revive the old confederation. This propoſition is to

"* See the Independant Gazetteer, and the other anti-federal newſpapers of that day, paſſim.

be found in very diſtinct terms in the writings of ſeveral of the party, and particularly in a work publiſhed at the ſouthward, called 'The Proſpect Before Us.'

"If the preceding views be correct, it is obvious that the diſtinctive appellations of the parties in this country are improper and abſurd. It is true, that mankind, in all ages, have been little influenced by reflection in this regard; having, in many inſtances, adopted cabaliſtic diſtinctions from accident, and often from the moſt ludicrous whim. Yet I think it as well, at leaſt, to wear a characteriſtic name as an unmeaning one; and better even an unmeaning one, than that which conveys a falſe meaning.

"The federaliſts, it is to be aſſumed, deſire that the conſtitution of the United States may exiſt in its original, integral ſtate of ſupremacy; that it may be, in all caſes, the ſupreme law of the land, unaffected by the claſhing of local intereſts, and uncontrouled by the operations of ſubordinate powers. They are *conſtitutionaliſts*, Americans, loyal to their country and to one another.

"The democrats deſire that the conſtitution of the United States ſhould be "diſannulled;" they deſire that condition of things in which the total abſence of order may give 'paſſage free' to the perſonal violences of their malignant paſſions, and to their thirſt for power and for gold. They would revive the confederation, and are indiſputably federaliſts, without having federaliſm, or any other object, really at heart, any further than as a means of aggrandiſement, a ſtep by which to aſcend the height of power.

"What is *federaliſm?* This is an inquiry peculiarly neceſſary, notwithſtanding the term has been in ſo common uſe for ſo many years. It may be denominated *the ſtate of nature applied to governments;* and this, perhaps, is the ground of preference with thoſe who call themſelves republicans, as they are ever ready to exclaim, with the illegitimate villain of Shakſpeare:

'Thou, Nature, art our Goddeſs! to thy laws
Our ſervices are bound.'

"But their Goddeſs of Nature is a new deity, and of the modern pantheon; and ſhe reſembles the image of a celebrated tyrant, in the remorſeleſs cruelties and perſecutions which ſhe has inflicted on mankind, under the fair ſemblance of mildneſs and philanthropy.

"*Federaliſm*, or the quality of attachment to a federal form of government, is ſurely the moſt trivial diſtinctive title of a party that was ever yet aſſumed: a man may be a federaliſt and royaliſt, a federaliſt and republican, or a federaliſt and an enemy to either royalty or republicaniſm. There is no inconſiſtency in theſe characters, as has been exemplified in fact and experience. The conſequence has been that the political adverſaries of the men ſtyling themſelves federaliſts, have robbed them of their diſtinctive appellation; and they now act without any name, as they have long done without any fixed or defined principles, either of morals or politics: as the cuckoo creeps into the neſt of a certain fooliſh bird, and ejects it and its offſpring.

"In the diſtinctive appellations of parties, in every age, we diſcern ſome meaning, ſome connection, more or leſs remote, between the name and qualities of ſome certain kind. This is obviouſly neceſſary, to prevent the dilemma alluded to above. It will be ſaid, that federaliſm denotes attachment to the federal government, meaning the government of this country; and that, reaching this end, it is ſufficiently definite. The object to be defined, viz. attachment to the government, is ſurely ſimple enough; but, if in attempting to define a definite object, a term ſo indefinite is made uſe of as to be liable not only to perverſions, but miſconſtructions, the ſimplicity of the object itſelf is rendered of no avail, it might as well have been complex and abſtruſe.

"The conſtitutionaliſt denominates himſelf a federaliſt, and pronounces the attributes of federaliſm to be theſe or thoſe. The republican as loudly proclaims himſelf a federaliſt alſo; but his picture of the attributes of federaliſm is diametrically the reverſe of the other. So oppoſite are the repreſentations and the views of theſe two federaliſts, that the latter would (in the words of Mr. John Adams) incontinently 'fine, impriſon, and hang his own brother,' if a perſon of the former perſuaſion. The truth is, that the former, if he be a man of either ſenſe or honeſty, is not a federaliſt. No man can be a real friend to the government of the United States, and a federaliſt, in the ſenſe in which the term is applied.

"To decide, with more preciſion, this queſtion, it is worth while to attempt to attain a right underſtanding of the force and meaning of the term *federal*, in its fulleſt extent. The unequivocal derivation of the term goes far to decide every queſtion of its ſignification; and federation (a new root of the word, of American growth) may be aſſerted to extend no farther than to denote a league or covenant. Now, a league or covenant may take place, either between individuals or bodies politic. The account of the combat between the Horatii and Curiatti, begins '*Fœdere* icto, trigemini arma capiunt;' and Otway makes his hero declare himſelf the '*covenanted* foe of Venice.' By conſtruction, however, and by long uſage, the application of the term federation has been reſtricted, and it may be ſaid, at preſent, to apply only to leagues or covenants between ſtates. And as we have never known the term to be applied to denote leagues or covenants between ſeparate or independent ſtates, it muſt be further reſtricted to leagues, or covenants, or aſſociations of different States forming one nation.

"Now, a league, whether between ſeparate nations, or different States of the ſame nation, is a temporary arrangement, for the purpoſe of meeting ſome great emergency. Such was the league of the Grecian States againſt Philip; ſuch alſo was the league of the American States againſt Great-Britain. As long as the league, commonly called the old confederation, laſted, the United States were a federation. But their federaliſm merged in the conſtitution of the United States.

"*Federaliſm*, therefore, is a league between different ſtates of the ſame nation (as England, Scotland, and Ireland), for temporary purpoſes: it is the interregnum of governments not monarchical: and it always implies the abſence of ſettled government."

The names which political parties take, are often casual and inſignificant in themſelves, aſſumed ſometimes from the names of particular leaders, and ſometimes from a peculiarity of perſon, manners, or dreſs. They are rarely, if ever, deſcriptive of the *principles* for which the oppoſite parties contend. When known, they ſerve, like a ribband or cockade, to designate to which of the two the wearer chooſes to be conſidered as belonging. The individuals who are thus comprehended under a ſingle claſs or deſcription, though agreeing in their general objects, muſt have a diverſity of views, and adopt a general principle, with various modifications.—Their general agreement is ſufficient to induce them to act in concert, becauſe each is willing to ſacrifice a little, for the benefit of the whole.

The names of *roundhead* and *cavalier*, *whig* and *tory*, ſo famous in Engliſh hiſtory, and the latter in our own, have nothing in their intrinſic meaning which would lead one, ignorant of the hiſtory of the political events of the times, to a knowledge of their ſignification. The term *federaliſt* appears far more ſignificant and deſcriptive than that of *whig*; yet no one miſtakes the meaning of the latter, or thinks it neceſſary, when he uſes it, to give a formal definition.

The appellation *federaliſt*, was intended to designate a perſon attached to the *union* of the American States under one general compact, and was adopted at a time when, from the weakneſs and impotency of the *old confederated* form of this *union*, there was danger of a diſſolution of the compact, and the eſtabliſhment of ſeparate and abſolutely independent ſovereignties.

Thoſe who were more attached to the independency of the State governments than to the union, and to that new conſtitution, deemed eſſential to its preſervation, were denominated *anti-federaliſts*.

No terms could be found better adapted to expreſs the leading trait in the political characters of the two parties; and the hiſtory of governments will not furniſh any ſo ſignificant.

Changes take place in the political circumſtances of the nation, and the general opinion of the people,

by which the meaning attached to a name becomes enlarged, or restrained, or modified to suit the new ideas which have been introduced, while the original name continues the same, or experiences some slight modification.

Thus the political discussions of the latter years, produced by the French revolution, have introduced among us the terms *aristocrat* and *democrat*, *monarchist* and *republican*. These have been bestowed or assumed by the respective parties according as they supposed their political principles favoured the one or the other of those characters.

The anti-federalists, or *soi-distant republicans* of the present day, though composed of mixed characters, are yet well known by their original appellation.

Though it is presumed the *republican* would not have the folly or audacity to assert that the federalist had discarded *republican* principles; yet the new-adopted name was too strikingly distinctive, in its popular sense, not to be abused to catch the ignorant and unwary. The federalists have, therefore, assumed the addition of republican, and *federal republican* appears to us as significant an appellation for that party which this writer chooses to call *constitutionalists*, as any that can be found. It has the advantage also of retaining its original characteristic, *federalism*, or an attachment to the *union*, rather than to the State governments.

It would be unjust to say that there are not many in the anti-federal, or republican party, attached to the constitution, in its present form, and might therefore be truly denominated *constitutionalists*, which renders this new appellation quite as objectionable as the old. That party, as well as the other, is composed of men of various characters: many of these are new accessions, derived from the turbulent fluctuations of the European governments.

Thus the friends of government, of order, and peace, whether monarchical, aristocratical, or republican, arrange themselves on the side of the supporters of the present government and its administration, though they may essentially differ in the most fundamental principles of government. On the other hand, the true democrat, the jacobin, the discontented opposer of all law and government, as well as the sound republican, are found united with those who are in the opposition to the ruling power. Yet there is no man at all acquainted with the history of our constitution and government, as well as with the character of our citizens, that can be deceived by the present names that distinguish the two parties.

The definition of *federalism* is too *puerile* and *pedantic*; such an etymological explanation of the term, is inadequate to the subject. No one is ignorant of the changes which take place in the meaning of words, by the influence of time, and the mutation of customs, usages, and manners. By the gradual progress of society, words obtain a sense very different from their primitive and radical signification.

The government of Great-Britain is called a *monarchy*, and that of Poland was denominated a *republic*. Yet the person who should turn to his *lexicon* for the meaning of those two words, would gain no knowledge of either government by the explication there given of their names. Should the *simple forms* of government, as they are usually distinguished by political writers into *monarchy*, *aristocracy*, and *democracy*, be *etymologically defined*, and the question should be asked of the people of this country which form of government they would be wil-

ling to adopt, there would not be found ten Americans who would willingly submit to either.

The term *federal* is applied with far more propriety to the government of the United States, than *monarchy* is to any of the governments of Europe which pass under that name.

The government of the United States did not lose its *federal* character by the adoption of the new constitution. The new constitution only furnished a remedy for the defects of the former compact, and rendered the *federation* more perfect. The old confederacy had no adequate *sanction* or *coercive* power by which its decrees could be carried into effect, as the States were called upon, in their sovereign or collective capacity, for obedience, and Congress had no means of enforcing that obedience when refused. This was the radical defect in all the confederacies of ancient Greece and modern Europe, in imitation of which the American union was formed. Hence all the contention, turbulence, and anarchy springing from the disobedience of the members of the confederacy, that often terminated in its destruction, and which have justified the censure bestowed on this form of political compact. Aware of the evils of all the known forms of confederacy, the Convention went far towards *consolidation* to give *efficiency* and *durability* to the new constitution; but the States retained so much of their federal character as to justify the use of the name, given to the new compact, of *federal republic*. The *varieties* of the *federal* forms of government are not less numerous than those of monarchies and republics. The difference between the old confederacy and new constitution, is not much greater than between the different confederacies of Europe.

Until, therefore, the State governments are absolutely destroyed, and the whole territory of the United States divided into districts or counties, according to the scheme so warmly recommended by this writer, we must contend for the strict propriety of the terms *federal republic* and *federal republicans*.

After this attempt at verbal criticism and political reformation, our author proceeds to depict the evils which will proceed from the success of *federalism*, or the *Jeffersonian system*.

"Having sufficiently shown, *by induction*, that the purpose of abolishing the Constitution of the United States, and of federalizing the country, is contemplated by the Jeffersonian party, it is worth while to inquire into the consequences of a successful issue to the federalizing project.

"The inseparable concomitant of the abolition of the present form of government, is the annihilation of its debt, should it even survive, which is doubtful, the election of Mr. J. The distress, the horrors attendant on the overthrow of the public credit, what mind is so callous to view with unconcern! Thus will your hearts, if they be made of penetrable stuff, be rent *with the sharp pangs of ancient gentlemen, a long train, worn down with sorrows and distresses, and decayed to a dependance on the pittance of their stake in the common fortune of the land*—thus will your hearts, if not estranged from every touch of pity, bleed at the unutterable woes of widows and orphans, stripped of the hardly-saved relics of happier days, or the acquisitions of long and painful toil; —thus, if the emotions of humanity be not expunged from your system, *if your attributes be not denaturalized*, and all the milk of human kindness turned to corroding gall, thus will your most poignant emotions rise, at the sight of maimed veterans stripped of the scanty means that kept their honourable scars from mendicancy, perishing in starvation, or bearing their mouthed wounds to challenge pity of the pityless. *Gefrörn*, like Pappenheim,—they will say

> "Ille et nefasto nos posuit die,
> opprobrium pagi.

"Such will be the dawn of the Sun of Federalism: the malignant splendours of its advance towards a meridian must

fructify every inoculation and graft of evil that can diſguſt the wiſe or diſtreſs the good."

We are next presented with a terrifying picture of the disorders and evils of "*federal institutions.*" The principal features of this picture may be found in the histories of Greece, Germany, Switzerland, and the United Provinces, warned by whose examples and their own experience, the people of the United States have given new energy to the federal form of government; and it is hoped, that by their adherence to their present constitution, they will escape all those evils which have flowed from the imperfect institutions of Europe.

In the concluding passages the writer seems to have exerted all his powers to reach the most lofty heights of sublimity and dazzling eloquence!

That the reader will be enabled to judge of his success, we shall quote them.

"So *abhorrent* is equality to every impulſe of human nature, that men are not only found reſtive under the application of this principle to them as individuals, but ſtill more ſo in their political relations. Providence hath wiſely ordained a chain of grades and *ſubordinacies*, from the peaſant to the peer, from the monarch to the collected majeſty of all monarchs. It is the frequent office of philoſophical arrogance to attempt the diſarrangement of this beautiful ſyſtem, by interpoſing the ſtumbling-blocks and the fooliſhneſs of infidelity, and the vile conceptions of mortal vanity. To the voice of philoſophers men have delighted more to liſten than to the voice of that wiſdom which is from on high: but, as they have delighted to drink at the polluted ſtreams of ſophiſtry rather than at the pure fountains of life, they have drank deep damnation to themſelves and their poſterity: as they have ſwerved from thoſe maxims by which ſociety had been wont to be held together—ſanctified in their origin, and embalmed in every heart by their beneficent effects, men have unvaryingly fallen off to that ſtate in which the remembrance of refinement and the influence of ſyſtem exiſt but in projects for *denaturalizing* mankind, and burying every wonted regulation of ſociety under a maſs of *chaotic jargon.*

"Government is an entire thing: it is a ſyſtem of influence, penetrating the obſcurity of modeſt virtue, and the den of the lurking conſpirator—encouraging, and cheering, and praiſing, and rewarding, and promoting, and bleſſing whatſoever things of goodneſs and of fair report come in contact with it; and ſtamping its ſeal of reprobation or of excommunication upon every naſcent principle of evil. A well-ordered ſtate is a flouriſhing oak—the conſtitution is its trunk—its various miniſters are the ramifications—each forming after its capacity a proper conduit, through which circulates the bounteous ſtream of the parent trunk, to the *leaves* and *foliages*; which, like the diverſified actors on the great theatre of life, are perpetually coming on and going off, while the mutual dependance is admirably ſubſerved by the ſuperior permanency of the intermediate branches. The leaves periodically wither, but the trunk and its branches ſurvive in unimpaired vigour and glory: the hand of violence may prune it of its branches—the dependant leaves then periſh by the ſtroke; yet the tree is ſtill a tree: but the blow which levels the trunk, annihilates the whole together.

"The venerable parent trunk, every half-lunatic quack and ſubaltern juggler thinks he may now ſubject to his delirious incantations. No unhappy metal hath been ever more tortured with fire, or the violence of iron, by crack-brained chemiſts, hunting the philoſopher's ſtone, than has the conſtitution of almoſt every State, by the Talgols, Sidrophels, and Wackums of the preſent age. They keep in the centre of the country, a vaſt cauldron, which momentarily receives ſupplies from a thouſand contributary ſpells, in which are brewed together every poſſible ingredient of annoyance and miſchief. When the charm is firm and good, it is their way to ſouſe the unhappy victim into the fatal vortex. It expires in their hands, and in the act of bubbling over the dragon's ſcales, and wolves' teeth, and fenny ſnakes, and tyger's chaudrons, and adders' forks, and blind worms' ſtings, which now with

"Double, double toil and trouble,
Out of cauldron boil and bubble.

"With infuriate and idiotic air, another deſcription of beings exhibit an inſtrument with which they are deſirous to divide the trunk into a multitude of equal parts, in order that it may the better accommodate their paſſion for variety by growing in new, various, and eccentric forms; and, to gratify this propenſity to change and novelty, are very content to riſk its life.

"It is time, in the idea of Burke, to *conſecrate* the ſtate. It is time to beſtow on it whatever degree of venerability and ſanctity it is capable of receiving, that the hand of innovation may be caſt into the fire, as the hand of ſacrilege and parricide. We have ſailed round the world of novelty without making any diſcovery worth retaining, except that our diſcoveries are worthleſs. We have touched on iſland after iſland, we have diſcovered new rocks, new quickſands, and new ſhoals, but we have diſcovered no new continent—we are yet afloat on a wide and *procelloſe* ocean. In a tone of much earneſtneſs, and very ſerious anxiety, I would repeat the interrogation and exhortation of Horace:

'O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus? o quid agis? fortiter occupa
Portum.'

It is, indeed, time to haul up the veſſel, and to repair the ravages of tempeſts and whirlwinds; to ſecure a competent rudder, to repair the ſails, and even the keel, inſtead of painting and patching over her defects, by arts which cannot content the wary, who confide nothing in gilded baubles."

These flights of rhetoric have all the *obſcurity* and *turgidity* of the *ſublimeſt allegory*. The writer ſoars, indeed, beyond the reach of all mortal underſtanding, and is an inſtance of the near approach of the inſpirations of *untutored genius* to the effuſions of inſanity.

Art. LVII.

A New Phyſical Syſtem of Aſtronomy; or, an Attempt to Explain the Operations of the Powers which impel the Planets and Comets to perform Elliptical Revolutions round the Sun, and revolve on their own Axis: in which the Phyſical Syſtem of Sir Iſaac Newton *is examined, and preſumed to be refuted. To which is annexed, a Phyſiological Treatiſe, &c. By* Joſeph Young, M. D. *of New-York.* 8*vo. pp.* 188. *New-York.* Hopkins. 1800.

WE announce, with pleaſure, an American publication on aſtronomy. In proportion as the ſtudy of this ſublime ſcience is obſtructed on this ſide of the Atlantic, we ought, in juſtice, to ſet a higher value on the labours of thoſe who undertake to encounter and ſurmount ſuch difficulties. Like the fine arts, in one reſpect, aſtronomy generally finds the beſt chances of cultivation and advancement in populous and opulent countries, where the objects of employment and inſtruction are minutely ſubdivided; and where the munificence of public eſtabliſhments ſupplies the inſtruments of obſervation, the commodiouſneſs of leiſure, and the incentives of emolument. It is well known that ſuch advantages are ſeldom poſſeſſed by the philoſophical inquirer in the United States. Action here chiefly uſurps the place of ſpeculation. Employed in the purſuit of objects of the firſt neceſſity, and in laying the foundation rather than rearing the fabric of national glory, our citizens can ſeldom, at preſent, devote their attention to ornamental parts of learning, or ſuch as bear only a remote and indirect relation to the gaining of practical knowledge. With the progreſs of improvement in America, it may be expected that the literary and ſcientific horizon will be gradually enlarged; and that the light of the higher mathematical and aſtronomical ſtudies will, in time, combine with that of poetry and the other fine arts to illuminate a hemiſphere not long ſince overſpread with darkneſs.

In the work under consideration, Dr. Young does not exhibit his opinions with much minuteness of detail; but, so far as we can understand them, they seem to be comprehended in the following sketch of his system, which he delivers at page 26, & seq.

"As the sun is without doubt the primum mobile, or first mover of this stupendous system, it behoves us to investigate the means or powers by which *he* is actuated, and caused to perform a revolution on his axis once in 25 days and six hours. I shall, in the first place, give my opinion of this matter, and then corroborate my conjectures, with a recital of such experiments and observations as the nature of the subject will admit of.—In the first place I shall venture to assert, that the whole universe is full of elastic, repulsive matter, denominated electricity, which is most probably composed of oxygen and caloric. When cold, it is more condensed and less active, and unites freely in the composition of many solid bodies, and remains for some time inactive; but when acted upon by friction, collision, or heat, it immediately assumes its pristine qualities, and is the secondary cause of all the motion in the universe.—In the next place, I suppose the body of the sun to consist of solid incombustible matter, formed in such a manner as freely to admit the more condensed electric matter (by which he is surrounded, and strongly compressed), to enter at his poles, into a large cavity in his centre, where, being heated and expanded to the greatest possible degree, it is expelled, with amazing velocity, to the circumference, through numberless curving pores, all uniformly bending westward from the centre. And as it is a known property of bodies in motion, and of the rays of light in particular, to move in straight lines, it is evident that the power of every particle of the igneous matter, exploded from the centre, through these curving pores, must be directed against, and exert their force upon the eastern sides of the canals through which they move; which causes the sun to revolve on his axis eastward. That this is an invariable law of nature, may be demonstrated by constructing a wheel on these principles, which may be actuated either by steam, electricity, common air, water, or fire.——It was only necessary for the omniscient architect to construct the sun, in some such manner, of such materials as would withstand the action of the fire; and first, to give the internal cavity such a degree of heat, as to cause the explosive igneous matter to move with great celerity, from the centre to the circumference of the globe; which impulse being at all times equal, as both the quantity and quality of the combustible matter with which he is supplied is invariably the same; the periods of his revolutions must also invariably be the same. And as he is continually pouring forth oceans of fire, from his equatorial and tropical regions, he must receive an adequate supply at his poles, of electric matter in a state of extreme cold and condensation, otherwise a perfect vacuum would succeed, and the sun be extinguished; and, consequently, light, life, heat and motion would cease, and be no more. The cold air flowing into an air furnace, may serve to convey some idea of this grand operation. But the chief objection to this hypothesis, arises from the difficulty of conceiving how the sun can be supplied with a sufficient pabulum to support such an immense waste of fire for ages, especially when this pabulum is said to consist only of the matters contained in the common air, while we daily experience the necessity of supplying our fires with fresh quantities of more substantial fuel, without which they are soon extinguished. But this objection will vanish, when we consider that matter is indestructible, that no being, except the one who created it, can annihilate one single particle of it: it may be decomposed and recompounded millions of times, but the same quantity of matter still exists; consequently there is the same quantity of fire existing now as at the creation, and no more.—Let those who find difficulty in conceiving by what means the cold condensed air, rushing impetuously into the poles of the sun, should be instantly converted into real active fire, and diffused through the regions of space, only consider, that the electric matter dispersed through the regions of our atmosphere, requires only rapid motion to convert it into the most tremendously active fire with which we are acquainted. And even the trifling quantity that we can collect from the air, by means of our diminutive machines, is sufficient to teach us how this grand operation is performed in the immense body of the sun,

which is a maſs of ſolid matter of eight hundred and ninety thouſand miles in diameter, heated throughout to the moſt intenſe degree, ſurrounded and ſtrongly compreſſed, eſpecially at his poles, with igneous matter in a condenſed, latent ſtate, that only requires to be excited into rapid motion, to exhibit every appearance, and aſſume every quality of fire. This operation may be termed the reſpiration of the ſun; and, if he ſhould ever ceaſe to reſpire, he will alſo ceaſe to revolve, and be extinct: but when this matter is decompoſed, by the violent heat and agitation in the body of the ſun, and expelled with extreme velocity from his equatorial and tropical regions, the caloric forms rays, which afford light as long as they continue to move with great velocity in ſtraight lines, but cannot exhibit all the phenomena eſſential to fire, until it is again united to the oxygen, or ſome other acid gas. Among the many reaſons which induce me to believe that the body of the ſun is compoſed of ſolid, incombuſtible matter, are, firſt, that no permanent collection of atmoſpheric matter can ſubſiſt without ſome ſolid body to attach itſelf to, becauſe active repulſive matter, without ſuch nucleus, would expand and diffuſe itſelf abroad until it was equally diſtributed; and our ſyſtem would be reduced to a condition ſimilar to that of an animal deprived of both heart and lungs. Secondly, all pneumatic, aquatic, and pyrotechnic machines, are compoſed of ſolid matter, which is, in all caſes, paſſive, and are ſo conſtructed as to be actuated by fluids, which are, in all caſes, the inſtruments in producing motion, as there is no caſe in which ſolids generate or continue motion independent of the impulſe or energy of fluids. And were it not for this admirable mode of collecting ſuch immenſe quantities of condenſed latent igneous matter, rendered almoſt infinitely ſubtile, active, and penetrating by heat, and diffuſing it through ſpace to be recompounded, condenſed, and returned to the ſun, in conſtant ſucceſſion, all motion would ſoon be loſt, and the planetary orbs would ceaſe to revolve.

"I have then ſuppoſed the earth laying entirely at reſt, at the tropic of Capricorn, on the 21ſt day of June, with its atmoſphere perfectly ſtill and inactive, until the rays of the ſun, by their energy and influence, began to heat, rarify, agitate, and render it actively repulſive, when, by a law already mentioned, to wit, that the ſtrongeſt atmoſphere will always repel the weakeſt to the oppoſite ſide of the body to which it belongs, where that of the earth would form a long dark cone or tail, which would react with a force proportioned to its quantity of matter, and degree of its excitement; and, when a ſufficient quantity of the earth's atmoſphere had been excited and propelled to the oppoſite ſide, to overcome its vis inertia [inertiæ], the earth would begin to move on ſlowly to the eaſtward, in the line of the ecliptic, moſt probably in a direct courſe to the centre of the ſun; but, as it gradually approached the ſolar equator, it became more expoſed to the action of his direct rays, ſent off in great abundance, and with more velocity from his equatorial than his tropical regions, where the earth was ſuppoſed to begin its firſt revolution: in conſequence of this increaſing degree of heat, a greater quantity of the earth's atmoſphere would be excited and rendered more repulſively active, to re-act and antagonize the vertical rays of the ſun, which prevents it from proceeding to the ſun, and gradually propels it to a greater diſtance, accelerating its motion at the ſame time, until it arrives at that limit where repulſion and appulſion are exactly equal; and where, by the oppoſite actions of theſe two powers, the earth is not only impelled in its annual circuit, but alſo aſſiſted in its diurnal revolution; for, as it muſt now move in a curve line, the reſiſtance of the medium through which it paſſes will bend its atmoſpheric cone back weſtward, condenſing its eaſtern ſide to the greateſt degree, which will cauſe it to act with moſt power on that ſide of the earth, which is ſucceſſively preſenting a cold, denſe atmoſphere to the ſun, to be heated, rarified, and rendered actively repulſive; which becomes a powerful agent in promoting the earth's diurnal rotation. As theſe impulſive powers, which were capable to begin theſe revolutions, are conſtantly acting with undiminiſhed influence, they will be continued, notwithſtanding the oppoſition the moving bodies may be ſuppoſed to meet with, in paſſing through a reſiſting medium; which it is impoſſible that any projectile ſhould do, let its original force be ſuppoſed to be the greateſt poſſible."

The moſt obvious remark on this hypothesis, and which cannot fail to occur to every reader, is the

number of fundamental principles gratuitously assumed. Among these may be reckoned, the extent assigned to the electric fluid, which he supposes to pervade the universe; the effects of the changes which it undergoes from variations of temperature, friction, collision, &c. and the operations which it performs, as the secondary cause of all motion. The constitution and structure of the sun, affording entrance, at his poles, to the condensed electric matter, and afterwards emitting it with great force through curving pores, must likewise be considered merely as matter of conjecture. In short, the whole scheme of the repulsive action of the sun's igneous or electrical atmosphere exerted outwardly upon the planetary bodies, and of the appulsive force of their atmospheres, exerted in the opposite direction, so as to produce their annual and diurnal revolutions, appears to be altogether a *petitio principii*.

In comparison with this system, let us survey the outline of the Newtonian theory, which our author rejects as untenable and absurd. By reasoning from certain general phenomena which come within the notice of every observer, Sir Isaac Newton discovered a coincidence of motion in the heavenly bodies, extending to all known matter in the universe. This law may be variously denominated—When referred to the earth, it is called *gravitation;* when exerted in the planets, *centripetal force;* and, when in the sun, the centre of our system, it is named *attraction*. We may, therefore, understand and interpret this law in various ways—either as an attractive power, exerted by the sun--as an appetence or tendency existing in each planet —or as a force external, both to the sun and planets, impelling them to the sun. The impulse of a stream of fluid, and even of the electric fluid, if preferred to any other, moving continually towards the sun, may be assigned for this purpose. It is not, indeed, necessary to the truth of the Newtonian theory, that the material or efficient cause of gravitation should be made known. It is sufficient to prove the existence of such a force directed towards the sun. Gravitation has been censured as an occult quality, and as merely contrived to hide our ignorance. But no reproach can be more unfounded. Gravitation is far from expressing any quality whatever; it only expresses a matter of fact, the result of the observation and comparison of numberless phenomena, a law of motion imposed by the Supreme Architect upon the material world. Examples of this simple and uniform law are constantly before our eyes; the terrestrial gravity, by which a stone falls to the earth, is only a particular instance of that all-pervading force by which the remotest planet is confined to its orbit.

If it were possible to reconcile Dr. Young's theory to the motions of the primary planets, we should still be utterly at a loss thereby to explain the motions of the secondaries. The profound, combining mind of Newton drew his universal principle from a contemplation of the whole visible creation. His theory explains, with equal clearness, the revolutions of the secondary and primary planets. All matter gravitates to all matter, wherever it may be found, with a force in the inverse duplicate ratio of the distance. Even the deviations and irregularities, which were observed in the planetary system, were found to be necessary consequences of the very universality of this physical law. It is known also, that Newton pointed out some other minute deviations, as necessary results of the law discovered by him,

but which the art of observation was not then sufficiently advanced to disclose. All these have been verified by modern observation; and still further deviations have been since observed, all which have been shown to be consequences of the agency of the same universal law. And it may be safely affirmed, at the present day, that there is not a single anomaly in the planetary system, which has not been proved to be a modification of this universal law of gravitation.

The permanency of a system, which can endure this kind of scrutiny, may be safely asserted. It seems destined to prove, that, at least, one effort of human intellect may lay claim to immortality, and to exhibit to an admiring world, a structure, "which will not moulder, like such as are ordinarily erected, into the sand of which they were composed, but which will stand unimpaired, a rock, amid the waste of ages!"

The remainder of this work, which forms much the larger part, is devoted to physiological inquiries, and to observations and precepts in medicine and surgery.

In the physiological treatise the author considers the constitution, nature and qualities of the animal spirits, or the principle of life; the first stage of animation, and the means whereby the circulation is performed in the first rudiments of the incipient animal, and before the vessels are completely organized. He adds, likewise, an explanation of the general laws, by which the animal economy is governed, and he particularly treats of the mode in which the operations of the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or the unassisted powers of nature, are exerted to obviate and cure diseases.

The author also delivers the result of his long experience in the treatment of cancerous ulcers, the quartan ague, putrid fevers, madness, frozen limbs, and many other diseases. The observations of an aged physician, on subjects belonging to his profession, after devoting the best of his life to an attentive and laborious prosecution of its duties, must always be valuable; and this value is heightened in the present instance, by the warm spirit of philanthropy which pervades the publication.

Art. LVIII.

A Sermon, preached to the Church and Society in Brattle-street, Boston, December 29, 1799, *and occasioned by the Completion of a Century from its first Establishment. By* Peter Thacher, *D. D. Pastor of said Church.* 8*vo. pp.* 18. *Boston. Young and Minns.* 1800.

THE plan of taking periodical reviews of past times, and giving retrospective sketches of the principal events which they exhibited, is a laudable and useful one. Many of its advantages will readily occur to every reflecting mind. It was, therefore, with pleasure we took up this sermon; and we cannot but hope the example of Dr. T. will prompt many to *go and do likewise.*

The nature of this discourse corresponds with its title. It is intended to exhibit a brief history of the church of which the author is pastor. This history could have been more valuable had it been more minute and extended; but short and general as it is, a collection of such discourses would be an inestimable treasure to the ecclesiastical historian.

Our readers will learn from the following passage, that Dr. T. does not inherit a large portion of the spirit which animated the first settlers of New-England.

"It was this noble and chriſtian ſpirit which peopled, with civilized and chriſtian inhabitants, the wilds of New-England. Our venerable anceſtors felt themſelves aggrieved in their native land. They were forbidden to practice the worſhip and diſcipline which they deemed ſcriptural and important, and were obliged, under heavy penalties, to conform to ſuch as they viewed in a different light. Now that the controverſy is mellowed by time, and mutual harmony has removed the roughneſs, which, for want of candour and more frequent communication, adhered to both parties, we are ready to wonder that ſo much keenneſs ſhould be diſcovered, and ſo great ſacrifices made, to what we eſteem matters comparatively indifferent.—But it is not poſſible for us to diſcover the motives of men, and therefore we have no right to judge or condemn them. That the founders of our churches were actuated by motives really conſcientious, we are certain: for, only to the claims, the ſtrong claims of conſcience, will men ſacrifice their native country and their domeſtic happineſs, by emigrating to a foreign and inhoſpitable ſhore. They loved God, and "went after him into the wilderneſs." Here they eſtabliſhed a civil polity, the ſpirit and energy of which remain to the preſent day. They eſtabliſhed literary and religious inſtitutions, which have been the great ſources of the freedom and happineſs of our country. They founded churches, which, "having obtained help of God, continue unto this day."

The following ſentences are well expreſſed, and diſplay a very becoming ſpirit.

"It has been the honour and felicity of this church that its union has never been interrupted. In all ſocieties there will, of courſe, be men who have an attachment to their own opinions. In this ſociety, the gentleneſs of manners, the candour, condeſcenſion and brotherly love, which are the ornament and the band of religious aſſociations, have conciliated the affection and quieted the minds of thoſe who have thought differently from the majority. "No root of bitterneſs has ſprung up among us." The love of peace and harmony has ever prevailed, and we have a fair proſpect of continuing a happy ſociety.

"And now, my brethren, be thankful to God, who has ſo remarkably ſmiled upon your predeceſſors and yourſelves even to this day. "The vineyard which his own right hand planted," has flouriſhed and increaſed for one hundred years. No furious blaſt has overthrown it. No inſidious enemy has undermined or extirpated it. We behold it this day flouriſhing in its original beauty, and bringing forth, we truſt, "the cluſters of Canaan," good fruit unto God. It is our hearts deſire and prayer to God, "that a pure and a ſpiritual church may be continued here ſo long as the ſun and the moon ſhall endure. When we ſhall be gathered to the duſt of our fathers, and the "places" which now know us ſhall know us no more, may a generation riſe up which ſhall love God more, and ſerve him better than ever *we* have done! May the members of this church be more exemplary, and its miniſters more uſeful, through all ſucceeding ages! May it flouriſh with the vigour of youth and the wiſdom of age, till the preſent diſpenſation ſhall be completed, and the church univerſal ſhall be tranſlated from earth to heaven!"

Art. LIX.

A Sermon, preached at the Ordination of the Rev. Jonathan Whitaker to the Paſtoral Care of the Church and Society in Sharon, Maſſachuſetts, February 27, 1799. *By* Abiel Holmes, *A. M. Paſtor of the firſt Church in Cambridge.* 8*vo. pp.* 49. *Denham. Mann.* 1799.

THE aim of the author in this diſcourſe, is, to ſhow the deſign of *the chriſtian miniſtry*, and the *beſt means of effecting this deſign*. With reſpect to the firſt, he thinks it is the *inſtructing* men in religious knowledge, with a view to their final *ſalvation*. With regard to the *ſecond*, he ſuppoſes the principal points to be attended to, are, to preach *intelligibly*, to choose ſubjects capable of illuſtration, to exclude *abſtract and metaphyſical topics*, to avoid, for the moſt part, *polemical divinity*, to adapt every thing to the character of the auditors, to uſe a *clear and diſtinct method* of exhibit-

ing truth, and to present every thought in a *precise*, *luminous*, and *attractive style*.

These several positions are well illustrated, and the whole discourse wears the aspect of good sense, and piety. The author closes by a suitable application of the subject to the occasion; and to the sermon a small body of notes is added, which gives a favourable idea of his learning and judgment.

Subjoined to Mr. H.'s discourse is the *Charge* delivered to the newly ordained minister, by the Rev. Mr. Cushing, of Waltham; and the *Address* which accompanied, giving the *right hand of fellowship*, by the Rev. Mr. Howard, of Canton. These compositions are judicious and respectable, but have nothing very remarkable in them either as to *matter* or *manner*.

Art. LX.

A Vindication of Thomas Jefferson *against the Charges contained in a Pamphlet entitled "Serious Considerations," &c. By* Grotius. 8*vo. pp.* 47. *New-York.* Denniston. 1800.

HAVING noticed the several publications against Mr. Jefferson in our former numbers, we proceed to examine those which have appeared on his side, in this very singular controversy.

Grotius proposes to inquire, first, whether the deductions made by his adversary are well drawn from the premises; and, secondly, to show strong evidences of the christianity of Mr. Jefferson, taken from his own writings. He remarks that the christian world is divided into a great variety of sects, all differing from each other in doctrines and discipline, yet all agreeing in the divinity of Christ, and mutually denominating each other christians; that Calvinists, Arminians, Universalists, Trinitarians, Arians, Socinians, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, are all comprehended under the general name of christians, or believers in the divinity of Christ; that the author of Serious Considerations has unwarrantably endeavoured to represent a belief in a particular creed as essential to constitute a christian; and if Mr. Jefferson's sentiments were really as he states them to be, on certain points, yet it could not be fairly inferred that he was a *deist*, or one who wholly disbelieved the scriptures, though he might, perhaps, be deemed a *heretic*.

After these preliminary observations he proceeds to examine the first proof exhibited of Mr. Jefferson's infidelity, arising from his disbelief of the *universality* of the deluge recorded by Moses.—He thus expresses himself.

"That it was not *universal* has been the opinion of a number of christian divines, and scholars of the first celebrity for piety and learning, and whose orthodoxy has never been questioned. The intention of the deluge was to destroy the posterity of Adam, for their sins, except the family of Noah. The Deity does nothing in vain: to deluge that part of the world which was not inhabited, might not have embraced the object of his wise dispensations. It is true, Moses says, that 'all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered.' But are we always to understand the bible in a literal sense? Is not its language frequently highly figurative? St. Paul says, 'I please *all men* in *all things*.' Does this mean that he pleased all men *with whom he communicated* in all things which were *lawful?* Or does it mean that he pleased the *wicked* and the *righteous*, and those whom he *did not know* as well as those with whom *he was acquainted* in *evil and good* things indiscriminately? Surely no man of common sense will hesitate to embrace the first construction. The expression of Moses may, in like manner, be considered as a synecdoche, a figure in rhetoric, where the whole is put for a part, or a part for the whole. *All the high hills under the*

whole heaven may be taken in a qualified ſenſe, and conſtrued only to intend all the high hills in the inhabited countries under the heavens. The deluge might therefore have been *univerſal* with regard to mankind, but not ſo with reſpect to the earth itſelf. The pious and learned Dr. Burnet was of opinion, with Mr. Jefferſon, that there was not water enough to cover the earth in its preſent ſhape; and, in his ſacred theory, he has a ſingular hypotheſis to account for it. The celebrated Voſſius ſays, 'To effect an univerſal deluge, many miracles muſt have concurred—but God works no miracles in vain. What need was there to drown thoſe lands where no men lived, or are yet to be found.'

"But when I mention the name of Stillingfleet, Biſhop of Worceſter, that great champion of the chriſtian church, on the ſame ſide of the queſtion, ſurely this ſuperficial writer muſt be covered with ſhame.

"The Biſhop's zeal for religion was ſo great, that he fancied he diſcovered a tendency to atheiſm in Mr. Locke's doctrine reſpecting innate ideas, and the moſt remarkable controverſy on record enſued between thoſe able writers. In ſpeaking of the deluge, this learned divine expreſſes himſelf as follows: 'I cannot ſee,' ſays he, 'any urgent neceſſity from the ſcripture, to aſſert that the flood did ſpread itſelf all over the ſurface of the earth. That all mankind (thoſe in the ark excepted) were deſtroyed by it, is moſt certain, according to the ſcriptures. When the Lord ſaid that he would deſtroy man from the face of the earth, it could not be any particular deluge of ſo ſmall a country as Paleſtine, as ſome have ridiculouſly imagined; for we find an univerſal corruption in the earth mentioned as the cauſe; an univerſal threatening upon all men for this cauſe; and afterwards, a univerſal deſtruction expreſſed as the effect of this flood. So, then, it is evident the flood was univerſal with reſpect to mankind; but from thence follows no neceſſity at all for aſſerting the univerſality of it, as to the globe of the earth, unleſs it be ſufficiently proved that the whole earth was peopled before the flood, which I deſpair of ever ſeeing proved; and what reaſon can there be for extending the flood beyond the occaſion of it, which was the deſtruction of mankind?

"The only probability, then, of aſſerting the univerſality of the flood as to the globe of the earth, is from the deſtruction of all living creatures, together with men. Now, though men might not have ſpread themſelves over the whole ſurface of the earth, which beaſts and creeping things might, which were all deſtroyed by the flood; for it is ſaid, 'that all fleſh that moved upon the earth, both of fowl and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man."

Grotius next weighs the second proof of Mr. Jefferson's deism, deduced from his opinions relative to the origin and migration of nations, and the observations contained in the Notes on Virginia, concerning the red men of America and Asia. —The following passage shows his opinion and explanation of this subject.

"The moſt authentic account of the origin and migration of nations, is to be found in the holy ſcriptures. The traditions and hiſtories of all the ancient nations of the world corroborate, in a wonderful manner, the writings of Moſes: to them we muſt look up as a light to guide us through the darkneſs of antiquity; as a ſtandard by which to regulate our opinions of the early period of the human race; and as a certain means of ſolving many perplexing difficulties which beſet us in our reſearches into ancient hiſtory, and our views of the preſent appearances of men and nations. We are informed by Moſes, that all men are deſcended from one pair; and we ſhould be extremely puzzled to reconcile with this fact, not only the great variety, but the eſſential, radical, and entire difference of languages prevalent in the world, did not ſcripture furniſh us with a ſolution of this otherwiſe inexplicable enigma.

"We are told, in the eleventh chapter of Geneſis, that ſometime after the flood, all the human race were aſſembled together on a plain in the land of Shinar; that the whole earth was of one language, and of one ſpeech; that they impiouſly attempted to counteract the intentions of the Deity, by building a city which ſhould ſerve as a habitation for them all, and prevent their diſperſion over the earth; that the Lord interfered in a miraculous manner, and created a diverſity of languages among them, by which means their work was left un-

ſiniſhed, and they were ſcattered abroad upon the face of all the earth. This great plain was then a common centre, from which mankind diverged, in every direction over the earth. How many different languages were originally eſtabliſhed, we are not informed of by the ſcriptures; but we have every reaſon to believe, that they were as various as the original families and tribes which eventually expanded into nations. A ſameneſs of complexion and figure, no doubt, exiſted, as well as an identity of ſpeech, and the diverſities of colour which now exiſt muſt be attributed to a variety of phyſical and moral cauſes, but principally to climate and the ſtate of ſociety. That *white* was the original complexion of the human ſpecies, is, I believe, the opinion of the moſt intelligent writers on this ſubject. The tribes which emigrated to America, after the confuſion of tongues, might have ſettled there, long before migrations took place in the parts of Aſia, now inhabited by red men, and their complexion, would, in courſe of time, be changed from white to red, by the operation of natural cauſes. There is no difficulty with reſpect to the paſſage from Aſia to America: theſe two continents, if parted at all, are only ſeparated by a narrow ſtrait. We may therefore ſay, that the red men of America are of greater antiquity than the red men of Aſia, or, in other words, that red men were ſettled in America before they were ſettled in Aſia, without impugning the authority of the ſcriptures. Every body would ſmile, if the writer would denominate one an infidel for ſaying that the black men of Africa are of greater antiquity than the black men of Aſia, and yet the caſes are exactly parallel.

"Mr. Jefferſon infers, from the greater number of radical languages among the red men of America, that they are of greater antiquity than the red men of Aſia; but he expreſsly confines the remark to *red* men, and no where inſinuates that men were originally created in America. That the population of America is very ancient, has not only been deduced from the above circumſtance, but from many other conſiderations. The Americans had no knowledge of the people of the old continent, nor the latter any account of the migration of the former to the new world. They wanted thoſe arts and inventions which, when once diſcovered, are never forgotten; ſuch, for example, as thoſe of wax and oil for light, which are very ancient in Europe and Aſia, and are not only highly uſeful, but neceſſary. And, it is ſaid, that the poliſhed nations of the new world, and particularly thoſe of Mexico, preſerve, in their traditions and paintings, the memory of the creation of the world, the building of the tower of Babel, the confuſion of languages, and the diſperſion of the people, although blended with ſome fables; and that they had no knowledge of the events which happened afterwards in Aſia, in Africa, or in Europe; although many of them were ſo great and remarkable, that they could not eaſily have gone from their memory. The learned author of the Hiſtory of Mexico, the Abbe Clavigero, a chriſtian divine, is of opinion that the Americans do not derive their origin from any people now exiſting in the ancient world; not only from the circumſtances of the great diverſity of languages, but from the total want of affinity between them and any of the languages of the old world. He therefore infers that the Americans are deſcended from different families, diſperſed after the confuſion of tongues, and have ſince been ſeparated from thoſe others who peopled the countries of the old continent."

On the opinion of Mr. Jefferson of the inferiority of the black men of Africa to the whites of Europe and America, after quoting the paſſage in Mr. Jefferſon's Notes at length, he thus comments.

"Now, it muſt require more than common acuteneſs to diſcover any thing in the above obſervations which militates againſt the Moſaic account of the creation. A diſtinct race means a diſtinct generation or family; and does, by no means, *ex vi termini*, exclude the idea of a common origin. If the blacks do not appertain to the human race, then it is no more anti-chriſtian to ſay ſo, than it is to aſſert it of the Orang Outang, or the monkey. If they do belong to it, we may ſuppoſe them a diſtinct race, made ſo by time and circumſtances, and inferior in the endowments both of body and mind to the whites, without impeaching the doctrine of a firſt pair. We muſt admit them 'a variety of the ſame ſpecies,' and inferior in complexion and phyſical conformation; but all this may have reſulted from adventitious circumſtances,

and their original anceſtors may have been white. Sir William Jones, who was a chriſtian from conviction, and poſſeſſed of the moſt extenſive acquirements in language of any man living in his time, aſſerts, from a compariſon of the Sanſcrit and Arabic languages, that they 'are totally diſtinct, and muſt have been invented by two *different races of men*,' and that 'the Tartarian language has not the leaſt reſemblance either to Arabic or Sanſcrit, and muſt have been invented by a *race of men wholly diſtinct* from the Arabs or Hindoos.'* And yet he concludes that theſe three ſtocks had one common root; or, in other words, proceeded from one pair. In like manner, although Mr. Jefferſon has aſſerted that the blacks are inferior to the whites in certain reſpects, yet, as he has, in unequivocal terms, admitted them to be of the human race, we have every reaſon to ſuppoſe that he believes that they and the whites are branches of the ſame ſtem, and children of the ſame common parents; eſpecially, as in a letter to Benjamin Banneker, which has been publiſhed, he declares himſelf convinced 'that nature has given to our black brethren, talents equal to thoſe of other colours, and the appearance of a want of them is owing merely to the degraded condition of their exiſtence both in Africa and America."

The next proof adduced against Mr. Jefferson, which Grotius examines, is the celebrated passage in the "Notes on Virginia" concerning religious toleration, or the right which government has to interfere in matters of conscience. After citing the whole passage, he denies, that Mr. Jefferson has any where said "that it is a matter of indifference what a man believes," or that such an opinion can be fairly inferred from his book. If the spirit and legitimate meaning of Mr Jefferson's reasoning in favour of the rights of conscience be duly attended to, Grotius is of opinion, that the scope of his arguments goes only to prove,

"That government has no right to puniſh *mere opinions*, but only the *overt acts* reſulting from them, which are contrary to the peace and good order of ſociety. To elucidate his ideas in the ſtrongeſt point of view, he takes the *two extremes of error reſpecting religion, Polytheiſm and Atheiſm*, and declares that government has no right to puniſh them, becauſe *they are opinions only, and not actions detrimental to the property or perſons of individuals*. I am perſuaded that every liberal, candid and intelligent friend of civil and religious liberty will ſanction this ſentiment; and yet would it be fair? Would it not be diſhoneſt to infer from this that he ſuppoſed them, or either of them, free from error or harmleſs in tendency? If we can, with propriety, fix the charge of Atheiſm upon Mr. Jefferſon from thoſe expreſſions, we have alſo equal reaſon to declare him a Polytheiſt, becauſe, in his illuſtration of his reaſoning, he puts them on the ſame footing with reſpect to freedom from perſecution —moreover, in the next preceding ſentence he expreſsly, and in the moſt pious manner, recognizes the exiſtence and attributes of the Deity, and aſſerts the doctrine of human accountability, by declaring that "*We are anſwerable for the rights of conſcience to our God.*" In truth, the only candid expoſition of his meaning is, that although atheiſtical and polytheiſtical opinions are fundamentally wrong and have a miſchievous tendency, yet, that they ought not to be the ſubject of legal coercion until they become injurious in action—that, in the mean time, the oath of an atheiſt or polytheiſt ought not to be admitted in the courts of juſtice, becauſe he does not believe in that God to whom an oath is an appeal. If atheiſm, or an approbation of atheiſm, or a leaning towards atheiſm, or a ſuſpicion of atheiſm, can be logically deduced from this, then we can have no confidence in the elements of juſt reaſoning, or the foundations of rational belief. All the faculties of the mind muſt be unhinged and jumbled together in chaotic darkneſs. It will be ſeen by a marginal reference in the "Notes on Virginia," that Mr. Jefferſon has borrowed ſome of his ideas on this ſubject from the writings of the Rev. Dr. Philip Furneaux, one of the ableſt advocates of religious freedom."

Where Mr. Jefferson treats of the Indians of Virginia, and remarks the state of society among them, as

"* Aſiatic Reſearches, vol. i. p. 125, 157."

to crimes, he is of opinion that their condition is happier without law, than the Europeans who are subjected to too much law; "the sheep are happier of themselves, than under the care of the wolves"—This Grotius contends will not justify the broad inference made by the author of "Serious Considerations," that Mr. Jefferson supposes the happiest state of man to be *without law, religion or government;* but that by law was meant government, and by too much law, an oppressive government, or that a *savage without law,* is happier than *a civilised slave.* This is, certainly, a candid explanation, though the speculative notions of *Rousseau* and others, who, disgusted with the vices and crimes of the corrupt society of Europe, have endeavoured to exhibit the superior happiness and innocence of the *savage* state, may have been present to the mind of Mr. Jefferson.

Concerning the propriety of using the bible as a school-book there has been various and opposite opinions among many good men. Grotius does not admit the interpretation given to the opinion of the writer of the "Notes on Virginia," and draws an opposite inference from that of the author of "Serious Considerations," from the language of the former.

"The reasons of Mr. Jefferson are highly honourable to religion. 'Instead (says he) of putting the bible and testament into the hands of children, at an age when their judgments are not sufficiently matured for religious inquiries,' &c. *The plain inference is, that when their judgments are sufficiently matured, then the bible and testament ought to be put into their hands*—and is it not more respectful to the holy scriptures to say that they should be studied with ripe understandings and enlightened minds, than to assert that the faculties of infants are adequate to this important task?"

Having thus discussed the proofs which have been adduced from written documents, he proceeds to the examination of the oral and circumstantial evidence exhibited in the cause. The letter to Mazzei, ascribed to Mr. Jefferson, *Grotius* alledges never to have been proved to be genuine. If it is not genuine, his antagonist may well ask, why has Mr. Jefferson never denied it?—His silence, if any thing is to be inferred from it, is not in favour of its spuriousness.

The conversation stated to have taken place between Jefferson and Mazzei, related by the latter to the deceased Dr. Smith, *Grotius* regards as liable to all the objections of *hearsay evidence.* Supposing, however, the story to be true, he argues, "is it not susceptible of a good as well as a bad meaning?"

"In my opinion, it may well admit of three constructions: either as a sarcasm upon christianity, the way in which you take it, or as a sneer of this kind at the infidelity of Mazzei. 'What! you express a concern at the bad architecture of a building intended for the purposes of a religion you despise—for the worship of a Being you represent to be a mere man, born in the lowest style of poverty and obscurity!' or it may be considered as a serious sentiment, that as 'the Lord dwelleth not in temples made with hands'—as he made his appearance in the most humble state, costly and magnificent churches are as nothing in his sight, and are oftener monuments of human pride and vanity, than evidences of sincere piety. I leave it to the good sense and christian charity of my readers to say which construction ought to be adopted. It must be evident, after all, that Mr. Jefferson's real meaning could only be collected from *the manner of his communication,* and of this Mazzei was a very incompetent judge. He was a stranger to Mr. Jefferson; and it requires a considerable acquaintance to infer, at all times, from a man's manner, whether he is *serious* or in *jest.* Besides, Mazzei was a foreigner, and probably knew little of the language in which the idea was conveyed."

The other conversations and circumstantial evidence arising from the opinions and characters of the friends, associates, and correspon-

dents of Mr. Jefferson, are also regarded as susceptible of very different constructions from those made by the author of "Serious Considerations," and, at best, as unsuitable and inadequate proof, to support the heavy charge he has made.

Several passages are then quoted, and commented on, from the "Notes on Virginia," and the preamble to an act for establishing religious freedom in that State, drawn up by Mr. Jefferson, in 1786; and from the frequent mention of the *Deity*, his *providence*, and *the holy author of our religion*, it is inferred, that Mr. Jefferson is a believer, or, at least, that his Deism is extremely doubtful.

The concluding portion of this pamphlet is personal, and the motives of the writer of "Serious Considerations," his pretensions to liberality and candour, his professions and language, are animadverted upon with extreme severity. He is charged as uttering willful falsehoods, as being actuated by hell-born malice, as attempting to make religion subservient to the purposes of political faction, as one of those busy factious, and ambitious priests, the *Sacheverells* of party, who deserve the contempt and hatred of mankind.

We have endeavoured to give a clear view of the arguments contained in this pamphlet, in defence of Mr. Jefferson. On which side lies the truth, the public will determine, if they have not already made up their decision.

To show the insufficiency of the evidence adduced by his adversaries, and the fallacy of their arguments, is a different, and less difficult task than that of proving that Mr. Jefferson *is not a Deist*.

Though the reasoning of *Grotius* is, in general, ingenious and forcible, the *manner* in which he treats his antagonist has no claim to our approbation. His harsh and indecorous demeanour excites displeasure, and deserves reprehension. He should have exercised the same candour and forbearance towards the author of the "Serious Considerations" which he wishes to be observed towards Mr. Jefferson. We did not, in that pamphlet, remark any thing which could justify the opprobrious terms, and foul imputations which *Grotius* has lavished against its author.

Instead of wicked and malicious motives, it would have been more becoming, and more accordant with probability and truth, to have ascribed the production to an imprudent and mistaken zeal, engaged in a good cause. Truth requires no weapons but those which are furnished by reason, and it is ever injured by causeless crimination and illiberal abuse. But while pride or prejudice prevents the granting of any indulgence to an adversary, a proper sense of his own dignity, as well as of the subject in which he is engaged, should lead a writer to reject the language of contumely and scorn.

Art. LXI.

The School of Wisdom; or, American Monitor. Containing a copious Collection of sublime and elegant Extracts, from the most eminent Writers on Morals, Religion, and Government. By Mathew Carey. 12*mo. pp.* 304. *Philadelphia*, 1800.

THE Selections usually compiled, for the use of schools, though good in their kind, are, in general, too long to be read at once, and, if divided, their sense is broken, and their effect weakened.—The present volume is intended to remove this difficulty, and is composed of passages short, but complete, and independent of each other, arranged in alphabetical order,

under distinct and appropriate titles; and well adapted for children who read in classes at schools.

For such a compilation, taste and judgment are the principal requisites; to which should be added, as indispensible an ingredient, a pure and enlightened regard to the cause of morality and religion. Mr. C. appears to possess these necessary qualifications. His publication contains a due admixture of prose and poetry, a well assorted variety of sentences and passages, culled with diligence and taste, from some of the best and most celebrated authors.

Mr. C. has gone further than some other of his contemporary and worthy labourers in the same humble but useful path, in introducing extracts relative to politics and government. He seems aware, in his preface, that some objections may be made to this part of his scheme. We concur with him in the propriety of instilling into the minds of youth, sound principles, not only of religion and morality, but of policy and government. This seems more peculiarly necessary in the free and popular form of government under which we live.

Some of the political maxims, which are taken from the declarations of rights, contained in the American Constitutions, seem almost of too abstract a nature to be thoroughly understood by children of the age of those for whose use this volume is intended. The manner in which some of them are expressed, renders them liable to doubt and misconception, and demands explanation and *illustration*, to render them understood even by mature minds, Instead of abstract and metaphysical propositions, lessons of practical utility, founded on those general and universal principles, drawn from the best European and *American* writers, on the principles of legislation and government, would be more intelligible and useful.

Prefixed are some brief and practical directions for elocution, or a correct pronunciation and delivery. This compilation, on the whole, appears to be judiciously made, and will be found a very convenient and useful book for the classes in our schools.

Art. LXII.

Pizarro in Peru; or, the Death of Rolla: a Play in five Acts. From the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue, *by* William Dunlap. *With Notes, marking the Variations from the Original.* 8vo. *pp.* 72. *New-York.* Hopkins. 1800.

MOST of the nations of Europe have each their favourite dramatist, on whom they delight to exhaust the language of praise and admiration. But no dramatist appears to have gained so sudden and extensive a reputation as Kotzebue. No other has been able to command the united suffrages of distant and different nations in his favour. Centuries have elapsed before an author has been much, or generally, known out of his native country. His performances may be read by the few; but to be translated into different languages, and usurp the place of native productions on the theatres of other nations, is a destiny extraordinary and unprecedented. Something, without doubt, is to be ascribed to the increasing ease and rapidity of communication between the different parts of the great republic of literature. But, it must still be allowed, that such distinguished fame and success, is no small proof of the talents of the author. In spite of the censures of critics by whose rules he has disdained to be enslaved, and the vehe-

ment disapprobation of those whose opinions and prejudices he has shocked by the boldness of his exhibitions, this writer has succeeded in gaining what to him is, perhaps, the most pleasing and profitable, the applause and admiration of the multitude. But popular favour is capricious, and it may be fairly questioned whether the fame of this dramatist rests on a solid basis, or bids fair to be as durable as it is great; whether he is to excite our wonder, and pass away like a brilliant meteor, or to remain a fixed luminary in the literary horizon. There is sometimes a fashion in the prevailing opinions of the world, in matters of literature and science, as well as in dress and equipage: and the present *teutonick* fashion of writing may be as transient as any other kind.

Of the numerous productions of Kotzebue, none has more strongly excited the attention of the public in Great Britain and America, than that of "Pizarro in Peru, or the death of Rolla." Some of this admiration may be imputed to the translators and managers, who have spared no pains to give the utmost interest and effect to the representation.

It appears from the preface of the author that his play has undergone several material alterations in the original; and the present translator has not scrupled to apply the hand of a corrector to the style and sentiment, though not to the essential features of character.

This "*romantic tragedy*," as it is justly called by its author, is a continuation of the story of the "Virgin of the Sun," which was noticed in a former review.*

It is the *third* in the series of plays, proposed to be translated and published by Mr. D. under the title of "The German Theatre." We have not, in the present instance, any reason to detract from the praise we have before bestowed on this gentleman as an able and judicious translator. His views being directed to the stage, he has been particularly careful to adapt this play for a popular exhibition. He has cut out many passages that render the dialogue heavy and tiresome, or which seemed liable to weaken the dramatic effect of the scenes. He has also selected a few of the best passages from Mr. Sheridan's translation, one of which, in the scene between Cora and Alonzo in the beginning of the second act, so exquisitely beautiful and tender, we believe is not in the original, but is ascribed to Mr. S.

In his notes, Mr. D. has given the passages, which are omitted in the play, entire, and marked the variations from the original, as well as acknowledged the use he has made of Mr. Sheridan's Pizarro.

We commend the judgment of Mr. D. in adhering to his author in the *conclusion* of the play, which is greatly weakened by the change introduced in that of Mr. Sheridan.

The termination of the play of Kotzebue is simple, affecting and impressive; that of the English dramatist is artificial, and calculated for show and bustle, rather than to touch the feelings and excite the sympathy of the audience; it has the additional disadvantage, if that be any in a drama, of deviating from the historical fact in relation to the death of Pizarro.

The public are so familiar with this celebrated drama, that we forbear to give any account of the plot or fable, or to select any of its scenes.

Those who try the German dramatist by the rules of Aristotle, and the correct models of the French and English dramas, will find much

* Vol ii. page 365.

to censure in the productions of Kotzebue.

Those who are willing to grant him the same license which the liberal critic allows to Shakspeare, and which he dared to assume, will find more occasions for applause than condemnation. There is, undoubtedly, much room for ingenious criticism on this subject, and, in the examination of some of the characters, ample exercise for the moral discrimination of the reader.

So much, however, has already been said on this play, and the various forms it has assumed in the English language, that it seems almost superfluous, at this time, to enter into a particular investigation of its excellences and defects.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

THE 25th of November, the anniversary of that auspicious day when the troops of a foreign enemy, after many years possession, evacuated our city, was celebrated at the Theatre, by recalling to the minds of a very numerous audience, the first proof which Americans gave of that firm attachment to liberty which led them to seek death in its defence.

All the numerous defects of the play of *Bunker-Hill* were amply compensated by the enthusiasm of the audience. The after-piece was *Fortune's Frolic.*

26th. *Speed the Plough;* and *Agreeable Surprise.*

28th. *School for Scandal;* and *The Farmer.* In the character of Charles Surface, Mr. Harper made his first appearance in this city after an absence of many years, and his return was welcomed by a numerous and genteel audience.

December 1st. *Othello;* and *Highland Reel.* For the benefit of Mr. Fox.

3d. *The Carmelite;* and *Padlock.*

5th. *The Spanish Castle:* a *new* opera. Music by Mr. Hewit; but where the words came from, nobody knows. There are scenes of humour in the piece, and spirit in the dialogue, but there seemed to be an obscurity about the plot, and a want of interest for the hero. The after-piece was *Catherine and Petruchio.*

6th. *Spanish Castle;* and *Man of Quality.* The opera was better received to-night, but will never be a favourite. The after-piece is an alteration or curtailment of the well-known comedy of *The Relapse,* and is deserving of the first rank among entertainments of equal length. Mr. Jefferson's Lord Foppington is incomparably fine.

10th. *Virgin of the Sun;* and *Man of Quality.*

12th. *Pizarro;* and *Child of Nature.* The first piece had an additional strength of cast by Mr. Fennel's Pizarro, and Mr. Tyler's Las Casas; and yet, Mr. Fennel was *not* Pizarro.

15th. *Pizarro;* and *Quaker.*

17th. Mr. Jephson's tragedy of *Braganza;* and *Children in the Wood.* A dull play, which, we understand, will not be repeated.

19th. *Fraternal Discord;* and *Wild-Goose-Chase.* The comedy was received with more pleasure than ever; and the opera, now reduced to two acts, promises to be a great favourite.

22d. *West-Indian;* and *Wild-Goose-Chase.* Mr. Cumberland's comedy seems to have been revived for the purpose of introducing Mrs. Jefferson to the public, in the character of Louisa Dudley. This lady

is a native of this city, a circumstance which renders her success more interesting to us. Her figure is tall, slender, and genteel; her action unembarrassed beyond expectation; her countenance pleasing; and her voice strong and melodious. We have reason to expect, that with due cultivation of her powers, she will prove an useful ornament to the stage.

24th. *Cheap Living;* and *Robin Hood.* The play has whim to recommend it; the opera, reduced to two acts, is an invaluable afterpiece.

26th. *Pizarro;* and *Tom Thumb.*

We understand that the Manager is preparing for the stage, a German drama, called *Abaellino*, which, in sublimity, is thought superior to the *Robbers*, and, in its *denouement*, to exceed the *Stranger*. T.

SELECTIONS.

An Instance of the Caprice of Fortune in the Life of NELL GWYN.

THE origin of this person was of the lowest rank, and her employment in that city, where one of her descendants enjoys the emoluments of the prelacy, of the most inferior kind; indeed, it is there, or in the neighbourhood, that the tradition of the place supposes her to have been born. From thence, by one of the many transitions which transplant individuals of the labouring class, from one place to another, she became an inhabitant of the metropolis, and the servant of a fruiterer, who was, probably, one of those who attended the playhouse, as it appears that in this character she first obtained admission into the theatre in Drury-lane.

What favour of fortune advanced her from this humble situation to the stage, whether from the general recommendation which her natural humour and vivacity gave her, or a passion which Mr. Hart, the player, had for her, is unknown. It is certain she was a favourite of Dryden's, who gave her the most shewy, alluring parts in his comedies, and wrote several prologues and epilogues expressly for her; but the more immediate cause of her becoming an object of the monarch's affection was as follows:

At the Duke's house, under Killegrew's patent, the celebrated *Nokes* had appeared in a hat, larger than *Pistol's*, which pleased the audience so much as to help off a bad play; Dryden caused a hat to be made of the circumference of a large coach-wheel, and as Mrs. Gwyn was low in stature, made her speak an epilogue under the umbrella of it, with its brim stretched out in its utmost horizontal extension. No sooner did she appear in this strange dress, than the house was in convulsions of laughter. Among the rest, the King gave the fullest proof of approbation, by going behind the scenes immediately after the play, and taking her home in his own coach to supper with him.

After this elevation, she still continued on the stage, and though in general comedy she did not rank with Betterton, Marshall, Lee, Bourell, &c. for the airy, fantastic, sprightly exhibitions of the comic muse, her genius was most aptly calculated, and, according to the taste of those times, she was considered the best prologue and epilogue speaker on either theatre.

It now remains to consider her as the mistress of a King, and here

she nobly belied the baseness of her origin, and that seminary of vice in which she was bred. Mrs. Gwyn met and bore her good fortune as if she had been bred to it, discovering neither avarice, pride, nor ostentation; she remembered all her theatrical friends, and did them services; she generously paid off her debt of gratitude to Dryden, and was the patroness of Otway and Lee.

When she became more immediately connected with the King, that gay monarch was already surrounded with mistresses. The Dutchesses of Portsmouth and Plymouth, with Miss Davis, and others, were considered to be in that capacity, but these were known to have been unrestrained in their conduct. Mrs. Gwyn preserved her character of fidelity to the last; and being once solicited by a Sir John Germain, to whom she had lost a considerable sum of money at play, to exchange the debt for other favours, she no less honestly than wittily replied, *No, Sir John, I am too good a sportswoman to lay the dog where the deer should lie.*

She was not only the favourite of the monarch, but the favourite of the people; and though that age abounded with satires and lampoons against the rest of the King's mistresses, as the causes of political disasters, Mrs. Gwyn, except in the instance of a few lines written by Lord Rochester, not only escaped, but even met their approbation, as she never troubled herself with politics. She was munificent in her charities, sociable with her friends, and what was singular enough, piqued herself on her regard for the church of England, contrary to the then disposition of the court.

As a proof how much she was in the favour of the people, an eminent goldsmith, who died about forty years since, in the 79th year of his age, has been often heard to relate, that, when he was an apprentice, his master made a most expensive service of plate, as a present from the King to the Dutchess of Portsmouth, and that a great number of people used to crowd the shop to gratify their curiosity, and throw out curses against the Dutchess; but that all were unanimous in wishing the present had been for Mrs. Gwyn.

In her person, according to her picture by Lely, she was low in stature, red haired, and had what the French call *en bon point*. There is a bust now to be seen of her at Bagnigge-Wells, formerly her country-house. She had remarkable small but lively eyes; her foot was of the most diminutive size, and used to be the subject of much mirth to her merry paramour.

She had a very fine understanding, was humorous, witty, and possessed the talents so necessary to enliven conversation in an eminent degree, and generally kept her place at table with the King, the Lords Rochester, Shaftesbury, &c. till they quitted the bounds of decency, when she never failed to retire.

She lived long enough to see, and, without doubt, to lament, the decline of that family which had raised her to rank and fortune, having the good sense to avoid meddling with the politics of the times. —After the King's death she purchased a house in Pall-Mall, where she lived many years with an unblemished reputation, and where she died in 1691, and was buried with great funeral solemnity in the parish church of St. Martin in the Fields, to the ringers of which, among other valuable donations, she left a sum of money to supply them with a weekly entertainment, which they enjoy to this day.

Dr. Tennison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon.

An Original Letter from Mr. Pope *to the* Dutchess *of* Hamilton.

London October the —, between day and night. The writer drunk.

Madam,

MRS. Whitworth, (who, as her epitaph on Twickenham highway assures us, had attained to as much perfection and purity as any since the Apostles) is now deposited, according to her own order, between a fig-tree and a vine, there to be found out at the last resurrection.

I am just come from seeing your Grace in much the like situation, between a honey-suckle and a rose-bush, where you are to continue as long as canvass can last. I suppose the painter, by these emblems, intended to intimate, on the one hand, your Grace's sweet disposition to your friends, and, on the other, to show you are near enough related to the thistle of Scotland, to deserve the same motto with regard to your enemies:

Nemo me impune lacessit.

The two foregoing periods, methinks, are so mystical, learned, and perplexed, that if you have any statesmen or divines about you, they cannot choose but be pleased with them. One divine you cannot be without, as a good christian; and a statesman you have lately had, for I hear my lord Selkirk has been without you. But (that I may not be unintelligible quite to the bottom of this page) I must tell your Grace, in English, that I have made a painter bestow the aforesaid ornaments round about you (for upon you there needs none), and am, upon the whole, pleased with my picture beyond expression.

I may now say of your picture, it is the thing in the world the likest you, except yourself; as a cautious person once said of an elephant; it was the biggest in the world, except itself.

You see, Madam, it is not impossible for you to be compared to an elephant. And you must give me leave to show you one may carry on the simile.

An elephant never bends his knees; and I am told your Grace says no prayers. An elephant has a most remarkable command of his snout, and so has your Grace, when you imitate my lady Orkney. An elephant is a great lover of men, and so is your Grace for all I know; though, from your partiality to myself, I should rather think you love little children.

I beg you not to be discouraged in this point: remember the text, which I'll preach upon the first day I am a parson, *Suffer little children to come unto me*,—and *despise not one of these little ones*.

No, Madam—despise great beasts, such as Gay, who now goes by the dreadful name of the Beast of Blois, where Mr. Pulteney and he are settled, and where he shows tricks gratis to all the beasts of his own country (for strangers do not yet understand the voice of the beast). I have heard from him but once, Lord Warwick twice, Mrs. Lepell thrice; if there be any has heard from him four times, I suppose it is you.

I beg Mr. Blundell may know Dr. Logg has received ordination, and enters on his functions this winter at Mrs. Blount's. They have chosen this innocent man for their confessor; and I believe most Roman Catholic ladies, that have any sins, will follow their example. This good priest will be of the order of Melchisedeck, a priest for ever, and serve a family from generation to generation. He'll stand in a corner as quietly as a clock, and, being wound up once a week, strike up a loud alarum on a Sunday morning. Nay, if the christian religion should be abolished (as, indeed, there is great reason to expect it, from

the wisdom of the legislature), he might at worst make an excellent bon fire; which is all that (upon a change of religion) can be desired from a heretic. I do not hope your Grace should be converted; but, however, I wish you would call at Mrs. Blount's out of curiosity: to meet people one likes, is thought by some, the best reason for going to church, and I dare promise you'll like one another. They are extremely your servants, or else I should not think them my friends.

I ought to keep up the custom, and ask you to send me something; therefore, pray, Madam, send me yourself,—that is a letter; and pray make haste to bring up yourself, that is all I value, to town.

I am, with the truest respect, the least ceremony, and the most zeal, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, faithful,

And most humble, servant,

A. POPE.

Mr. Hamilton, I am yours.—There is a short letter for you.

A. P.

Anecdotes of Mr. POPE.

1. DURING Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians (Dr. Burton and Dr. Thompson), Dr. Burton charging Dr. Thompson with hastening his death by the violent purges he had prescribed, and the other retorting the charge. Mr. Pope, at length, silenced them, saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn, by your discourse, that I am in a very dangerous way; therefore all I now ask is, that the following epigram may be added after my death to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of postscript:

"Dunces rejoice, forgive all cenſures paſt,
"The greateſt dunce has kill'd your foe at laſt."

2. The late Queen Caroline declared her intention of honouring Mr. Pope with a visit at Twickenham. His mother was then alive; and, lest the visit should give her pain, on account of the danger his religious principles might incur by an intimacy with the court, his piety made him, with great duty and humility, beg that he might decline this honour. Some years after, his mother being dead, the Prince of Wales condescended to do him the honour of a visit. When Mr. Pope met him at the water-side, he expressed his sense of the honour done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the Prince said, "It is very well; but how shall we reconcile your love to a Prince with your professed indisposition to Kings, since Princes will be Kings in time?" "Sir," replied Pope, "I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion;—while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."

SINGULAR CONCEALMENT.

IN the reign of Charles II. the presbyterians in Scotland, who first recalled the faithless monarch, and placed him on the throne of that kingdom, were rewarded, after his complete restoration, by the enactment and barbarous execution of several severe penal laws against them. Many of them, in consequence, fled to the mountains with their preachers. Of this number was a Mr. David Williamson, a very famous preacher, who was particularly obnoxious to the government, and was hunted continually by parties of dragoons, like a hart upon the mountains. Hence came the name of Hill-preachers, otherwise called

Cameronians, from their leader, Mr. Cameron, who was the first separatist from the presbyterian conformists of that reign.

Master David, or *Mess* David, as the Scottish clergy were then often called, being closely pursued one night, took refuge in the house of a lady of good fashion, which he had no sooner entered than the dragoons came up. The lady was in great perplexity on this trying occasion; but, as the sex often possess astonishing presence of mind, she immediately resolved to put him to bed with her daughter, a young lady of great beauty. She thought that the place which would be least suspected; and could not imagine, that a man of his cloth and character, surrounded with bloody executioners, who instantly murdered their unfortunate victims, could be capable of any thing injurious to her daughter's innocence. Master David was accordingly put to bed to the young lady, booted and spurred, and cloathed as he was, with the addition only of a woman's night-cap. The troopers having searched every corner of the house, at last went towards the young lady's bed-chamber. The mother, with admirable spirit and address, told them, that her daughters were in bed, and that she hoped, as they were soldiers and gentlemen, they would offer no rudeness to unprotected females. She then, with an air of freedom, opened the door. They went in, searched a little about the room, and then, softly opening the curtains, they were satisfied, by the appearance of the head-clothes, that their prey was not there; and so very modestly retired. But as they were to lodge in the neighbourhood, she was obliged to leave Master David in quiet possession of his concealment for the rest of the night. Thus she saved her preacher; but she was so far mistaken in her judgment of his gifts, that she was forced, a short time after, to give her daughter to him in marriage, to save them both from public scandal and ruin.

Some years afterwards, the persecution having abated, Mr. Williamson was sent to London, as one of the Commissioners from the General Assembly of Scotland to the King. His Majesty, who had heard the story, was curious to see this wonderful man; and, accordingly, Master David and his spouse were invited to a private audience; for she thought it right not to expose her husband to temptation, and accordingly attended him on all his journies. The merry monarch, being fully satisfied of the truth of their narration, declared, very frankly, that when he was in the oak, after the battle of Worcester, the most beautiful woman in Great-Britain would have been in no danger from him; and then dismissed them very favourably.

Mr. Williamson was afterwards one of the ministers of Edinburgh, where he died at an advanced age, and with a respectable character, of which the author of this article gives no other particulars.

Denunciation of Louis XIV.

A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the barony church of Glasgow, during the war which this and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV. in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France and shake him over the mouth of hell; "But, good Lord," added the worthy man, "*dinna let him fa in.*" This curious prayer having been mentioned to Louis, he laughed heartily at this new method of punishing ambition, and frequently af-

terwards gave, "The good Scotch Parson," as a toast.

The above anecdote was communicated to the writer by two gentlemen from Glasgow, one of the sons of Mr. Stirling's immediate successor, as minister of the barony church.

Boswell *and* Johnson.

IT was a constant custom with Mr. Boswell to frequent the coffee-houses, from whence he would repair to the Doctor's lodgings and report to him the news of the day. In one of these morning rambles he had the mortification to peruse several scurrilous paragraphs directed against a late publication of his friend. He purchased the papers, and, hurrying to the Doctor's apartment, acquainted him with the circumstance. "Well, Sir," said the Doctor, "and what have they said respecting me?" Mr. Boswell instantly proceeded to the perusal of the paragraphs in question. The Doctor, having heard him to an end, replied, peevishly, "So, Sir, this is what they say with regard to myself. Do you know what is said of you?" Mr. Boswell having answered in the negative, "Why, then, I will tell you, Sir," resumed the Doctor. "They say that I am a mad dog, and that you are a *tin cannister* tied to my tail."

A German Traveller's Account of his Interview with Dr. Johnson; and some Remarks on his Writings. Being an Extract of a Letter from London in the Year 1768.

I AM just returned from a visit to Samuel Johnson, the colossus of English literature, who combines profound knowledge with wit, and humour with serious wisdom, and whose exterior announces nothing of these qualities; for, in the proportions of his form, are exactly those of the sturdy drayman. To this he alludes in his delineation of the Idler: "The diligence of an Idler is rapid and impetuous; as ponderous bodies, forced into velocity, move with violence proportionate to their weight." *Idler*, No. I.

His manners are boorish; and his eye cold as his raillery; never is it animated with a glance that betrays archness or acuteness: he constantly seems to be, and not seldom he really is, absent and distracted. He had invited Colman and me, by letter, and forgot it. We surprised him, in the strictest sense of the word, at the country-seat of Mr. Thrale, whose lady, a genteel, agreeable Welsh woman, by way of amusement, reads and translates Greek authors. Here Johnson lives and reigns (for he is fond of acting the dominator), as if he were in the midst of his own family. He received us in a friendly manner, though a certain air of solemness and pomposity never left him, which is interwoven with his manners as well as with his style. In conversation he rounds his periods, and speaks with a tone almost theatrical; but, whatever he says, becomes interesting by a certain peculiar character with which it is stamped. We spoke of the English language; and I remarked, "that it passed through its different epochs quicker than other languages: there is a greater difference," said I, "between your present writers and the celebrated club of authors in the reign of Queen Ann, than between the French of the present and the last century. They make incursions into foreign ground, and lavishly squander the easily acquired plunder; for they follow not the counsel of Swift, to adopt, indeed, new words, but never after to reject them." "We conquer," interrupted me one of the guests,

"new words in a fit of enthusiasm, and give them back again in cold blood, as we do our conquests on the making of peace." "But are you not," asked I, "thus losers with regard to posterity? For your writings will be scarcely intelligible to the third succeeding generation." "New words," replied Johnson, "are well-earned riches. When a nation enlarges its stock of knowledge and acquires new ideas, it must necessarily have a suitable vesture for them. Foreign idioms, on the contrary, have been decried as dangerous; and the critics daily object to me my Latinisms, which, they say, alter the character of our language: but it is seriously my opinion, that every language must be servilely formed after the model of some one of the ancient, if we wish to give durability to our works."—Do you not think that there is some truth in this sophistry? A dead language, no longer subject to change, may well serve as a fit standard for a living one. It is an old sterling weight, according to which the value of the current coin is estimated.—"The greatest confusion in languages," continued I, addressing myself to Johnson, "is caused by a kind of original geniuses, who invent their own Sanscrit, that they may clothe their ideas in holy obscurity; and yet, we willingly listen to their oracular sayings, and at length are ourselves infected with the disease."—"Singularity," exclaimed one of the guests, "is often a mark of genius." "Then," answered Johnson, "there exist few greater geniuses than Wilton in Chelsea.* His manner of writing is the most singular in the world; for, since the last war, he writes with his feet."

Colman spoke of the *Rehearsal*, which was formerly so much admired as a masterpiece, but which nobody had patience now to read through.—"There was too little salt in it to keep it sweet," said Johnson.—Hume was mentioned. "Priestley," said I, "objects to this historian the frequent use of Gallicisms."—"And I," said Johnson, "that his whole history is a Gallicism." Johnson eagerly seizes every opportunity of giving vent to his hatred against the Scots. Even in his Dictionary, we find the following article: "OATS, a grain, which, in England, is generally given to horses; but, in Scotland, supports the people."

Not recollecting his edition of Shakspeare, which was so far from answering the expectations of the critics, I unthinkingly and precipitately enough asked him, "which edition of that poet he most esteemed?" "Eh!" replied he with a smile, "'tis what we call an unlucky question."

I inquired after Boswell. Johnson seems to love him much: he is sensible of, but forgives him his enthusiasm. Boswell is a fiery young man, who firmly believes in heroic virtue; and who, in the intoxication of his heart, would have flown with equal ardour to Iceland as to Corsica, in pursuit of a demi-god.

You are acquainted with Johnson's works. The Rambler, the Idler; London, a satire; and the excellent biography of Savage, are well known in Germany. But we hear less, in our country, of Prince Rasselas, a masterly, cold, political romance, as all of the kind are; for a teacher of the art of government, who, remote from, and unpractised in, affairs, writes for kings, can spin out of his brain a texture only of general principles. Irene, a tragedy by Johnson, full of the finest speeches, was hissed, and is forgotten.

This celebrated man had long to

* An old soldier, whose arms had been shot off.

contend with poverty; for you must not imagine that England always rewards her authors in proportion to the general admiration they excite. Often was he obliged to hide himself in a cellar near Moorfields, to avoid being lodged in a room with an iron grate. In those days of adversity he wrote speeches worthy of a Demosthenes, for and against the most important questions agitated in parliament, which were published under the names of the real members. These speeches, for a long time, passed for genuine in the country: and it is not generally known, that among them is the celebrated speech of Pitt, which he is said to have pronounced when his youth was objected to him, and which never so flowed from the mouth of Pitt. Johnson has now conducted the Pactolus into his garden. He enjoys a pension of three hundred pounds sterling, not to make speeches; but, as the opposition asserts, to induce him to remain silent.

I forgot to tell you that Johnson denies the antiquity of Ossian. Macpherson is a native of Scotland; and Johnson would rather suffer him to pass for a great poet, than allow him to be an honest man. I am convinced of their authenticity. Macpherson shewed me, in the presence of Alexander Dow, at least twelve parcels of the manuscript of the Erse original. Some of these manuscripts seemed to be very old. Literati of my acquaintance, who understand the language, have compared them with the translation; and we must either believe the absurdity, that Macpherson had likewise fabricated the Erse text, or no longer contend against evidence. Macpherson declaimed a few passages to me. The language sounded melodious enough, but solemnly plaintive and guttural, like the languages of all rude, uncultivated nations.

Singular Instance of the Effects of Fear.

IN the time of the American war, while the army was encamped at West-point, a party of soldiers discovered an eagle's nest half way down the vast precipice of the rock adjacent to the fort. In order to get at the nest, one of the soldiers was let down by a rope, fastened round his middle, and made sure above, with two or three men to guide the rope, and to draw him up when he had executed his design. When he had descended near to the nest, the eagle came upon him with hideous screams, aiming directly at his head. In this dilemma he had no way to defend himself but by taking out his knife, with which he kept her off, by striking at her every time she came at him. In one of the passes he made at her, he had the misfortune to strike the rope, and cut two of the strans, and the other began to untwist—while his companions above drew him up as fast as possible. In this situation, he expected the rope every moment to part, when he must have fallen from the tremendous height, and dashed to pieces among the rocks. But when almost every prospect of life had ceased, he was drawn to the top of the rock, the remaining stran of the rope being nearly reduced to a wisp of tow!—The effect of this sudden and extraordinary instance of fear upon this man was such, that, in the course of twenty-four hours, the hair of his head (from a coal black) was turned as white as the whitest wool. The man was about twenty-five years old.

Memoirs of RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

THIS gentleman is the son of Dr. Denison Cumberland, late bishop of Clonfert and Killaloe, in Ireland, and great grandson of that

learned English divine, Dr. Richard Cumberland, bishop of Peterborough, author of a treatise on the Law of Nature, *Origines Gentium*, &c. By the mother's side he is grandson of the celebrated critic Dr. Richard Bentley.

Mr. Cumberland was educated at Trinity college, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B. A. By the friendship of the late Lord Sackville, better known by the title of Lord George Germaine, he was introduced to the office of trade and plantations, where he succeeded the late Mr. Pownal as secretary, in which post he continued until the suppression of that appointment by Mr. Burke's bill, when he retired on a pension.

Mr. Cumberland, while a very young man, wrote some verses on the birth of the Prince of Wales. His first publication was the "Banishment of Cicero," which was refused by Mr. Garrick, but appeared in print in 1761. This should have been rather called a dramatic poem than a tragedy.

The "Summer's Tale," and the "Brothers," two comedies, were his next productions; but neither of these have added much to his reputation.

In 1771 he was reconciled to Garrick, with whom he had been on bad terms ever since the refusal of his tragedy, and that gentleman brought out his "West-Indian" in a capital style. This piece has stamped Mr. Cumberland's character as an excellent writer for the stage, and it is certainly one of our most sterling comedies.

He now began to be esteemed one of the best dramatic writers of the age, and also one of the most prolific; for next year he produced the "Fashionable Lover," which was well received; as was likewise, in 1774, his lively farce called the "Fate of Pandora, or a Trip to Newmarket." His "Choleric Man," which came forth in 1775, is said to have some affinity to Sir Richard Steele's Tender Husband: his "Battle of Hastings," a tragedy, was rather unfortunate. In 1776 he published a thin quarto volume of Odes.

About the year 1780 he was sent, on national business, to Madrid, but did not appear there in a public character. On his return, he published, in 1782, "Anecdotes of eminent painters in Spain, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," two volumes, 12mo. Next year he brought out a tragedy on the stage, called the "Mysterious Husband," and addressed a letter to the bishop of Landaff respecting ecclesiastical grievances. It contained some wit, and was ably answered by an anonymous writer.

An 1785 he had much business on his hands; for he produced "The Carmelite," allowed to be the best tragedy he has written; and also a comedy, called the "Natural Son."* In the course of the same year, he published a character of his deceased friend, Lord Viscount Sackville, and the first edition of the Observer. Next year a second edition appeared; and the subsequent editions have now swelled the work to five volumes. These essays abound with pleasing and instructive information, and discover extensive reading.

In 1787 Mr. Cumberland presented the world with "An accurate descriptive catalogue of the paintings in the King of Spain's palace at Madrid;" soon after this the comedy of the "Impostors," and a novel, in two volumes, cal-

* Miss Plumptre has lately presented to the public another "*Natural Son*," being a faithful and elegant translation of Kotzebue's famous play of that title, and which has been so much admired on the British stage, under the altered title of *Lovers' Vows*.

led "Arundel," made their appearance. In the latter he is accused, but on very slight foundation, as seeming to palliate adultery and duelling.

After this, his talents seem to have lain fallow for some years, as he did not produce any thing until 1792, when he published his poem called "Calvary, or the death of Christ." Next season he wrote the songs and chorusses in the comic opera of the "Armourer." In 1794 he produced the "Box-lobby Challenge," and also his deservedly-esteemed comedy of the "Jew," a play written with the laudable intention of removing the stigma which accompanies that unhappy and much-persecuted people. His attempt of the next year consisted of the "Wheel of Fortune;" he also presented the town with another comedy, called "First Love," and another novel, in four volumes, named "Henry."

His muse, which must be allowed to be a spirited one, seems to know no repose; for, in 1796, he produced "Days of Yore," a drama, in three acts; and the next year, "The Last of the Family." His last piece is the comedy of "False Impressions."

When we consider the number, the merit, and the exquisiteness of his writings, Mr. Cumberland must be allowed to rank high as a dramatic writer.

Memoirs of Miss HANNAH MORE.

THE controversy respecting the intellectual talents of women, as compared with those of men, is nearly brought to an issue, and greatly to the credit of the fair sex. The present age has produced a most brilliant constellation of female worthies, who have not only displayed eminent powers in works of fancy, but have greatly distinguished themselves in the higher branches of composition. Great-Britain has the honour of enrolling among its literary ornaments many females, to whom the interests of poetry, morality, and the sciences, are greatly indebted. Among celebrated living ladies may, with justice, be mentioned the names of Barbauld, Robinson, Cowley, Smith, Radcliffe, Farren, Piozzi, Seward, Lee, Hays, Inchbald, Cappe, Plumptree, Trimmer, Yearsley, Williams, D'Arblay, Bennet, Linwood, Cosway, Kauffman, and Siddons.

The female who is the subject of the present notice is well known to the literary world, by several elegant, ingenious, and useful publications. A few particulars respecting her, therefore, will not only be amusing to those who have read her works, but will also be instructive to young persons in the way of example.

Miss Hannah More is the youngest of four maiden sisters, the daughters of a clergyman, distinguished for his classical knowledge, and goodness of heart.

Hannah, who, at an early period of life, discovered a taste for literature, improved her mind during her liesure hours by reading; and soon perused not only the little paternal library, but all the books she could borrow from her friends, in the village of Hanham, near Bristol. The first which fell in her way was the *Pamela* of Richardson, the humble source of an innumerable offspring; and happy it would have been for the interests of virtue and literature, had the progeny been but as innocent as the parent.

The modesty and attainments of *Hannah More* were spoken of with general respect in her native place, and at length acquired her the patronage of many respectable persons. In the mean time her sisters, who, being also clever and amiable women, had conducted a little school

with great success, were now enabled, in consequence of an increasing reputation, to undertake the education of young persons above the situation of those to whose improvement their attention had hitherto been directed. So great, at length, was their celebrity, that several ladies of fortune and discernment prevailed upon them to remove to Bristol, about the year 1765, where they opened a boarding-school in Park-street. This seminary, in a short time, became the most respectable of its kind in the West of England; and many females of rank received their education there.

Among others, who had the advantage of profiting by the instruction of the Miss Mores, was the celebrated Mrs. *Robinson*, well known for her various elegant publications in prose and verse.

Miss *H. More*, who had removed with the family, had the good fortune of having for a next-door neighbour the Reverend Dr. *Stonehouse*; who, perceiving her merits, distinguished her by his friendship, which he manifested by his instructions and recommendation. Both of these were of the most essential service to her in the cultivation of her literary taste. The Doctor was a man of extensive acquaintance, general knowledge, and elegant manners. He condescended not only to examine the occasional effusions of her pen, but also to correct them, and through his hands all her early efforts passed to the press. The first of these was entitled "The Search after Happiness, a Poem," which was printed at Bristol under the Doctor's eye; and on its publication in London was so favourably received, as to encourage the author to further exertions of her powers. She next published "Sir Eldred of the Bower, and the Bleeding Rock; a legendary Tale;" which style of writing was become fashionable, through the success of Dr. Goldsmith's sweet story of Edwin and Angelina.

Miss *More* now turned her attention to dramatic poetry, and produced a tragedy, entitled FATAL FALSEHOOD; which was tolerably well received; but, not so much as her PERCY, a tragedy, which met with universal applause. She also wrote another tragedy, called the INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE; which fell short of the merit of her other dramatic pieces. The success she met with, in this way, was owing, in a great measure, to the immediate and commanding patronage of Garrick, who entered warmly into her interests, through the recommendation of Dr. Stonehouse, with whom he was very intimate.*

She afterwards printed a small volume of "Essays for Young La-

* The Doctor was one of the moſt correct and elegant preachers in the kingdom. When he entered into holy orders, he took occaſion to profit by his acquaintance with Garrick, in order to procure from him ſome valuable inſtructions in elocution. Being once engaged to read prayers, and to preach at a church in the city, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with him. After the ſervice, the Britiſh Roſcius aſked the Doctor what particular buſineſs he had to do when the duty was over: "None," ſaid the other. "I thought you had," ſaid Garrick, "on ſeeing you enter the reading-deſk in ſuch a hurry."—"Nothing," added he, "can be more indecent, than to ſee a clergyman ſet about ſacred buſineſs as if he were a tradeſman, and go into the church as if he wanted to get out of it as ſoon as poſſible."—

He next aſked the Doctor "What books he had in the deſk before him?"—"*Only* the bible and prayer-book."—"*Only* the bible and prayer-book," replied the player; "why you toſſed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves as careleſsly as if they were thoſe of a day-book and ledger."

The Doctor was wiſe enough to ſee the force of theſe obſervations, and in future he avoided the faults they were deſigned to reprove.

dies," in which she has recommended to them a variety of ingenious and excellent observations upon the most important subjects, expressed in elegant language. In 1782 she published a work, perhaps the most popular of all her pieces, entitled "Sacred Dramas; to which is added, "Sensibility, a poetical Epistle." In this volume she has dramatized, in a very natural and feeling manner, some of the most affecting and instructive narratives in the sacred history. Many of these had been previously performed by her sisters' pupils; and given so much satisfaction to those who had seen the performances, or read the pieces, as to occasion numerous solicitations that they might be printed. The voice of the public accorded with the sentiments of private friendship, and these dramas have not only gone through several large editions, but, we believe they have been, and are now, frequently performed in respectable boarding-schools.

Her next production was in a different style of composition; it was entitled "Bas Bleu, with the Tale of Florio," 1785. This poem is somewhat in the manner of Fontaine, and hits off the prevailing follies with great smartness and taste. The foundation of it was the *Blue Stocking* club, instituted by Mrs. Montague.

In 1788 appeared a small volume, called, "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great;" which attracted an uncommon degree of curiosity. As it was anonymous, some conjectured it to be the preformance of one person, some of another. The present bishop of London, Mr. Wilberforce, and many others, were reputed to be its authors; but, at length, it was discovered to have issued from the pen of Miss More. In this work she attacked, with great spirit, the increasing licentiousness of high life.

In the period between these two publications the sisters of Miss H. More having resigned their school in favour of Miss Mills, she retired with them to a neat cottage, which they had purchased with the fruits of their joint industry, at the foot of the Mendip hills.

Here they instituted a Sunday-school, which has greatly increased, and been abundantly blessed under their pious and judicious management.*

In 1791 our author published, without her name, a useful and popular little volume, entitled "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." This well-timed performance exposes strongly that lifeless profession of Christianity which is the general characteristic of the higher orders of society. She has herein the honour of having preceded Mr. Wilberforce, and some other eminent persons, in pleading for the necessity of a sound religious faith, in order to an acceptable course of moral practice.

About this time a society was formed, whose object was the instruction of the poor in morality and religion. The plan adopted, was, to print striking, amusing, and instructive tracts, adapted to the capacities of common persons, and coming easily within their ability to purchase. On this ground the Cheap Repository was established, by which many thousands of most useful pieces have been circulated in the manufacturing towns and villages of this kingdom. In this benevolent design Miss More was one of the first concerned, and towards the success of it she has been particularly assisting by her excel-

* It is with no common ſatisfaction the Editor now announces, that no leſs than ten ſchools have been inſtituted by the Miſs Mores in the ten adjacent villages, and that eight hundred children have been educated there.

lent contributions. Among other useful tracts of her writing we shall only mention "*The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*," a little performance, which persons of a refined taste may read with pleasure and profit. She also endeavoured to counteract the progress of those political principles which the French Revolution had made so fashionable; and printed some small tracts, particularly one entitled "Village Politics," in the way of dialogue, which obtained a wide extent of circulation.

Miss More has the credit of having drawn Mrs. Yearsley, the celebrated poetical milk-woman, from her obscurity into public notice and favour. When she had discovered this remarkable phenomenon, she immediately began to exert her benevolence, and by her unwearied assiduity procured a liberal subscription, to the poems of this child of nature. She also drew up an interesting account of the milk-woman, in a letter to Mrs. Montague; which letter, in order to enlarge the subscription, was published in the newspapers and magazines of the day. By the attentions of Miss More, a sum was raised sufficient to place the object of them in a situation more suitable to her genius. But we are sorry to be obliged to add, that a disagreement almost immediately followed the publication of the poems in question, between the author and her patroness; which is said to have been occasioned by the latter's taking the management of the subscription-money into the hands of herself and some select friends. The motive with which this was done, adds greatly to the credit of Miss More and her friends, as it was no other than a desire to provide permanently for Mrs. Yearsley and her young family. She, however, had a different opinion, and thought it was unjust in them to withhold from her the management of her own property. She went further, and endeavoured to represent her best friend as actuated by unworthy sentiments, the least of which was, that of *envy*. Some attacks were, in consequence, made upon Miss More in different publications: but, conscious of the purity of her own views, she passed over those invidious attempts to prejudice the public mind against her in silence.

Another phenomenon in that neighbourhood also attracted Miss More's curiosity and benevolence about the same period. A strange female, of elegant figure and manners, had been seen, for some considerable time, hovering about the fields near French-hay, and Hanham, of whom no particulars could be discovered. She thankfully received any humble food that was presented to her by the peasants; but always took up her night's lodging under a haystack. Various attempts were made to gain from her the place of her birth, but in vain. It was evident that she was a foreigner, and strange surmises were naturally formed, respecting her country and connections. Miss More's humanity was roused upon this interesting occasion; and chiefly by her means the fair stranger found a comfortable asylum in the house of Mr. Henderson, at Fish-ponds, father of the celebrated, but eccentric, John Henderson, of Pembroke college, Oxford.

Our benevolent author wrote an account of the "Maid of the Haystack," which was printed in most of the publications of the period.

Miss More has long been honoured with the particular friendship of some of the most distinguished personages in the kingdom. She spends some months in the year at the Duke of Beaufort's seat in Gloucestershire. She is also greatly esteemed

by the bishop of London, Mr. Wilberforce, and other persons eminent for literature and piety.

In the village where she resides, with her sisters, a great and pleasing reformation has been accomplished by their means. Every Sunday evening the children of the Sunday-schools, under their immediate patronage, are assembled in the school-room, together with the farmers' servants, and such other grown persons as choose to attend. In this little congregation prayers are offered up, a plain discourse read, and hymns sung. Pertinent questions are proposed to the adult part of the auditory, on the plain truths of christianity; and the whole of this pleasing service is concluded with a cheerful hymn of praise to the God of all these mercies.

Memoirs of Arthur Murphy, *Esq.*

THAT constellation, which once illuminated the literary hemisphere with such splendor, and in which Johnson shone with the most distinguished lustre, has, for some time, been reduced to a very small number of luminaries.

The veteran who now calls for our consideration, long moved in this illustrious circle with considerable reputation, and enjoyed a degree of applause, on account of his productions, which has been the lot of but few. He has, however, seen the greatest ornaments of literature cut off, and hardly any others worthy notice, arising in their place. He has beheld the new philosophy spreading its glare wide around, and obtaining admiration; and he has lived to witness a new theatrical taste usurping the province of the genuine drama, and threatening complete destruction to one of the finest branches of poesy.

He has also existed long enough to witness a revolution, not only in matters of a political nature, but in manners, sentiment, and amusements. Surely such a man, still retaining all his faculties in their pristine vigour, cannot contemplate the surrounding scene, in which he is nearly isolated, without feeling all his sensibilities wounded! But let us wave reflection, and proceed to narrative.

Mr. Murphy, the son of a merchant of Dublin, was born near Elphin, Dec. 27, 1730. He came to England while a child, and was sent soon after to the Jesuit's College at St. Omer's, in which learned seminary he obtained a very extensive knowledge of the Latin language.

His uncle, Mr. Jeffery French, designing him for trade, he was placed first with a merchant in Cork, and then with a banker in Lombard-street. But the Muses soon attracted him from the bill-book and ledger; and instead of applying himself to commercial studies, all his attention was devoted to the writings of the most elegant authors, ancient and modern.

The compting-house was, of course, soon entirely abandoned; and, with a very scanty pittance of this world's store, he entered himself, in 1750, a member of the Society of Gray's Inn, and became an adventurer in literature, partly from necessity, and partly from choice.

At first, indeed, he formed the design of adopting the stage as a profession; but after two or three essays, one of which was in the character of Othello, he found himself better qualified to *write* plays than to *act* them.

His first literary undertaking that we know of was a periodical work called "The Gray's Inn Journal," which he commenced in 1752, and continued for two years.* This

* We are assured that he only received a guinea and a half a week for his work.

work was not without merit, or even celebrity, and became the means of introducing the author to the acquaintance of Dr. Samuel Johnson. As the anecdote is curious, it may be worth relating in this place.

Mr. Murphy was on a visit at the country-house of Foote, when a paper was wanted for his journal. Being ill-disposed for composition, the English Aristophanes produced a new French miscellany, in which there was an eastern apologue that appeared to be remarkably ingenious. This pleased our author so well, that he translated it at once, and sent it to his printer. On his return to town, he found that this tale had been taken by the French writer from Johnson's Rambler, without acknowledgment. Hurt at this unintentional plagiarism, Murphy waited upon Johnson, and made his apology. The moralist was easily pacified, and an acquaintance commenced, which continued till Johnson's death.

At the beginning of the present reign Murphy enlisted as a party-writer, in vindication of Lord Bute's administration; and though his labours were but feeble, in comparison with the keen attacks of opposition, he was handsomely rewarded by those whose cause he espoused.

At this time he was in habits of intimacy with Mr. Wilkes; and though they were engaged in a fierce paper war, the former in the *Auditor*, and the latter in the *North-Briton*, yet they knew not, for some time, that they were fighting with each other. On the discovery of the secret, Wilkes's partizans entered into a resolution to oppose any new piece which Mr. Murphy might bring forward on the stage. Accordingly, when our author's farce of "What we must all come to," was performed, a violent party-spirit manifested itself; and the piece, though free from any political allusions, was *damned!* Some years afterwards it was again produced, under the title of "Three Weeks after Marriage," when it received unmixed applause, and has continued a favourite entertainment ever since.

Murphy expostulated with Wilkes on the conduct of his friends, and the patriot not only disavowed any share in their proceedings, but promised, that should any future occasion offer, he would himself come forward with his party in the offended bard's support.

As a political writer, Mr. Murphy never rose to any distinguished eminence; otherwise, we suppose he would have obtained either preferment or a pension. The only thing with which he has been favoured, as far as we know, is the post of commissioner of bankrupts, which he held till the appointment of Lord Thurlow to the great seal; and, when the present Chancellor came into office, he replaced his old friend upon the list.

Though regularly called to the bar by the society of Lincoln's Inn, after a long struggle, he never obtained any extensive practice, nor any share of credit on account of legal abilities. He, however, went the Norfolk circuit for a considerable time.

As a writer, he has shone most in dramatic poetry; and it may be said of him, what few who have written for the stage can boast, that he has been equally successful in farce, comedy, and tragedy. All his pieces evince great knowledge of the world, and a minute acquaintance with the human character, combined with that liveliness of fancy which is essentially necessary to produce the sensations of mirth.

In his tragedies, one remarks a happy delineation of character, joined to a due mixture of the pathetic and heroic, cloathed with

language at once appropriate, easy, and elegant. So great has been the success of his plays, that though the receipts of the *former* Drury-lane theatre never amounted to three hundred pounds a night, he gained eight hundred pounds by his "Grecian Daughter;" and very near the same sum by his "Way to Keep Him."

Mr. Murphy's intimacy with the first geniuses of the age, tended greatly to improve his taste; and, consequently, to render his productions elegant. Such an association is of wonderful benefit to a rising and emulous writer. In the company of a Johnson and a Burke, a man possessed of any portion of genius, could not fail to improve his mind. To have been in habits of friendship with these persons, required no small portion of literary and moral merit.

Mr. Murphy had the credit of introducing Johnson to the acquaintance of Mr. Thrale. He was also a member of the club which the former instituted in Essex-street.

In 1762 he wrote an "Essay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding," prefixed to the complete edition of that writer's works, for which he received a considerable sum. On this occasion he behaved in a manner which few biographers will, perhaps, be disposed to imitate. A considerable quantity of letters and anecdotes were put into his hands by Sir John Fielding and others, to elucidate the memoir. On examining these communications, he found that many of them were well adapted to amuse the public, but, at the same time, tended to tarnish the memory of the deceased. He therefore suppressed them; and gave to his production the qualified title of an essay. He followed a similar line of conduct with respect to the life of his friend, Johnson, which was published in 1791, and for which he was handsomely rewarded.

About the same time appeared his translation of Tacitus, in four quarto volumes. In this work he had been engaged for many years; and there is a circumstance respecting it which does Mr. Murphy infinite honour. Not long before the publication, a nobleman of high rank and consequence in the political world, signified to the translator his wish to have it dedicated to him. Murphy, however, had previously determined to inscribe his labours to the man whom he most esteemed, the immortal Burke, and he accordingly made a noble sacrifice of interest to friendship!

His last literary production was a tragedy, never performed, entitled, "Arminius."

Mr. Murphy's classical knowledge and taste appear to great advantage in his Latin poems, particularly in a version of Gray's Elegy; and we remember to have seen an elegant translation of Addison's "Letter from Italy," written by him, but never printed.

Mr. Murphy usually resides at Hammersmith. He is a very entertaining companion, abounding in anecdotes, of which he is engagingly communicative in company. His character is highly respectable; and he enjoys the intimacy of some of the first personages in the kingdom.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

Miller's Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century.

THE Rev. Mr. Miller, of this city, has announced his intention of committing to the press, in a few weeks, a work under the following title: "A Brief Retrospect of the Principal Revolutions and Improvements in Learning, Politics, Morals, and Religion, during the eighteenth Century, especially in the United States of America; in a Sermon, the substance of which was delivered January 1, 1801: to which is added, a large body of Notes and Illustrations." This work, it is expected, will form a large octavo volume of between 400 and 500 pages.

Bonnet's Work on Christianity.

It is proposed to publish an American edition of that scarce and interesting work, entitled "Philosophical Inquiries concerning the Proofs of Christianity. By M. Charles Bonnet, of Geneva, F. R. S. Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the French." The editors of this new impression of Bonnet's work, we are informed, have corrected and improved the translation; and propose to add some notes; and to elucidate certain subjects which require, at present, more particular discussion than was thought necessary when M. Bonnet wrote.

Linn's "Powers of Genius."

Proposals have appeared for publishing a poem, entitled "The Powers of Genius. Accompanied with Notes and Illustrations," in one elegant volume, duodecimo. The comprehensiveness and dignity of the theme should, of itself, inspire the adventurous poet. To rehearse the praises, define the limits, trace out the departments, and discuss the tendencies and bearings of the power which the artist may call his own, seems no mean or hackneyed undertaking. Painters have expatiated on painting, and poets have discussed the laws of poetry and criticism, but we recollect no performance consecrated singly to them, which appears to be selected by this poet.

American genius seems, hitherto, to have acquired but few honours. There is, perhaps, no single poem of native growth, hitherto admitted among popular and classical productions. Pope and Dryden may owe some of the homage that is paid them to their antiquity; but, among more recent and cotemporary poets, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns, have no rivals in America. It is nearly forty years since we have been at least as numerous a nation as the Scots or Irish, but we have not yet produced a name dear and familiar to poetical readers. This is somewhat strange. It is not a fortuitous deficiency; and therefore must, in its own nature, be possible to be accounted for.

Every power of the mind is latent, till circumstances conspire to call it into action and notice. There can be little doubt that every church-yard, from Portsmouth to Savannah, contains the reliques of several Miltons, whom their destiny has made "ingloriously mute."

What property it is, in our system of social life, that consigned these possible Miltons to inglorious

silence and oblivion, would be well worthy of the attention of inquisitive minds. Some there are, and among these, no doubt, may be numbered all those among our countrymen who have themselves adventured in verse, who imagine it proper, in the first place, to investigate the truth of the deficiency, there being room to doubt whether the disesteem in which our own bards are wont to be held, be not the mere fruit of prejudice or ignorance.

These ideas are naturally suggested by every new proposal of a poetical publication. Men who have some attention to spare from family and professional concerns, and whose curiosity can enlarge its views so far as to take in something besides political occurrences, will regard, with some attention, the appearance of a new poem, and will bring to the perusal a sort of suspense, as to whether this be, or be not, the long-looked for claimant of poetical popularity.

The present performance is written by Mr. J. B. Linn, with whose former attempts, in this walk, the world is not unacquainted.

WASHINGTON'S MAUSOLEUM.

Soon after the death of Washington, a scheme was proposed for doing honour to his memory, by a public monument. From the circumstances of the time, a final resolution was postponed to a future session of the Legislature. That session has commenced at the city of Washington; and, after a *long*, *warm*, and *disagreeable debate*, the proposition has been carried by a *very small majority* in the House of Representatives, for the erection of a *mausoleum* to the memory of Washington.

Those who have regard for the honour of their country, will be somewhat anxious as to what the final determination of the Senate may be on this resolution of the House, and whether the huge structure, for which two hundred thousand dollars are appropriated, will really be commenced.

One is almost tempted to smile at the whimsical conceptions of those who can discover no better mode of diffusing, exalting, and perpetuating the glory of a patriot or hero, than by a tomb or pyramid of marble; who recommend this as a method of gratifying the illustrious shade, and of exciting, in the nation at large, an emulation of his virtuous actions.

We seem to have forgotten that, among those mere visible blazoners of reputation, by far the most durable and splendid that any imagination can suggest, is already consecrated to Washington, in founding and naming after him, a new metropolis of these States. The city itself is his monument; the duration of which will not depend upon the cohesion and soundness of the stones, bricks, and rafters of which it may at any one time consist, but be prolonged like the human body, the substance of which is changing, while the form and the identity remain. Every age will probably add to its magnitude and grandeur. In this state of things, such additional expedients as pyramids and tombs, seem to be ridiculous and puerile.

But if we must have monuments of smaller compass, and more transitory duration, let us not revive the folly so long exploded of the stupid and slavish Egyptians, who delighted in encumbering the earth with pyramids and obelisks, that reared their heads, from age to age, without any conceivable benefit to survivors. Let us rather imitate the example of the Romans, who showed their reverence for deceased worth, by monuments, that were,

indeed, of brick and stone, but were conducive, at the same time, to some public advantage.

To facilitate commerce, forums or market places were erected. To alleviate the evils and discomforts of a crowded population, distant streams were led into cities by means of canals and aqueducts: groves and gardens were planted; porticos and walls were built, where books and pictures were collected, and, above all, baths of a stupendous magnitude and costliness were planned, and thus the most salubrious species of luxury and relaxation made accessible to every citizen. These monuments were not, strictly speaking, the mere fruits of benevolence or patriotism, but trophies to the glory of the founder, or consecrated to the memory of him whose name was enscribed upon them.

Now, surely, these are far the most eligible modes of testifying public veneration. Let the trophy be of brick or marble, if you will, but throw them, I pray you, into a form conducive, in some way, to the benefit or pleasure of survivors.

An hundred thousand dollars will enable us to raise a pile of a certain magnitude: to draw together and model into shape and unity a certain quantity of stone and cement. What form shall we choose?

Shall it be a solid mass, of four sides, terminating in a point, on one side of which those who pass near enough, and choose to scrutinize, may read some such words as—"To the memory of Washington?" Or shall it be an edifice, consisting of walls and roof, within which some science, beneficial to the public and the individual, may be learned, or deliberations on some department of national or municipal government be held; or a manufactory where the instruments of war may be produced; or as a charitable institution, where poverty and sickness may find refuge? Any of these may be as *visibly* donated to Washington, may constitute as conspicuous and *tangible* a trophy to his glory, and contain as many emblems and inscriptions, as if the same stone and morter had assumed the shape of column, obelisk, pyramid or statue.

If it were possible to consult the spirit of Washington, there is little doubt but that he would exclaim against such specimens of idle and barren ostentation, and ardently recommend a structure capable of some public and useful application. Could any scheme be more agreeable to him than that of a national college, and a national library, established on a liberal and permanent footing?

New Female Charitable Association.

We observe, with pleasure, that a new society has lately been formed in Philadelphia, for the relief of distressed women and children. The members of this society are ladies, who have commenced their operations with great spirit and success. The constitution of this body is similar to that of an association for the same purpose in New-York, and of an association that has subsisted for some years in Philadelphia.

Some thousand dollars being raised, during the last summer, for the relief of the cities afflicted with the yellow fever, and being unapplied to that purpose, a proposal was made, at a late meeting of the contributors, for giving five hundred dollars to the old, and the same sum to the new association of ladies. This proposal was adopted, greatly to the satisfaction of every benevolent well wisher to the happiness of the poor, and to the true dignity of the female sex.

The unbounded practice of almsgiving is far from being, itself, an antidote to poverty and wretchedness. The affluent are able to extir-

pate, by means of their abundance, all misery from among mankind, and this end is not to be effected by disbursing money, but only by disbursing it judiciously. The most difficult and least known of all arts is that of using property to good purposes.

How far these associations are circumspect and judicious in their measures, would be well worth inquiring, and to make their proceedings, and the effects already produced public, would be a powerful stimulus to others, and, probably, inculcate very useful lessons in the above mentioned art.

Gentz's Comparison of the French and American Revolutions.

There are subjects of comparison which we are somewhat surprised to have never seen regularly and systematically compared during the last ten years. Bickering politicians have made ten thousand allusions to them; some endeavouring to point out and enforce the difference between them, both in the principles and conduct of them; and others, among whom may be ranked the editors of a celebrated publication, called the Anti-Jacobin, endeavouring to confound them together. With the latter every opposition to established government is denominated treason and rebellion, and the names of Cromwell, Washington, Brissot, Mirabeau, Robespierre, and Bonaparte, are indiscriminately put down on the criminal and infamous list of political assassins.

There may be said to be a third party, by whom the English, American and French revolutions are ascribed to the same justifiable and meritorious causes; who weep alike over the failure of every scheme for diffusing equality and freedom among mankind, and who justify the motives and movers of every such revolution, while they deplore the crimes and miseries in which the folly or precipitation of the actors have involved their fellow citizens.

Gentz is a political writer of Berlin; and the performance now mentioned originally appeared, piecemeal, in a periodical work published in the Prussian capital. The writer is of the first-mentioned sect, and his purpose is to appropriate all the praise of patriotism and philanthropy to the agents in the American revolution, while he leaves to the authors of the French republic no other portion than that of disappointment and guilt.

The subject is highly curious and interesting to American readers. No doubt can be entertained of the ability of the writer, and therefore his discussions will scarcely be less worthy of attention to the adversary than to the advocate of the conclusion which he recommends.

The translator is an American, of great reputation, now in Europe, and the publisher is Mr. Asbury Dickins, to whom the property of the work belongs.

American Edition of Russell's Modern Europe.

A very elegant octavo edition of "The History of Modern Europe, with an Account of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, &c." by D. Russell, is publishing in Philadelphia, by Messrs. *Birch and Small*, from the press of *Maxwell*. For beauty of typography and correctness, this edition will excel that of any historical work before published in America. Three volumes have already appeared, and the fourth and fifth, which complete the work, will shortly appear.

Washington Newspapers.

To mention newspapers among literary articles may seem unwarrantable; but, in reality, these are the only popular and legitimate offspring of American activity and

genius. The number of these publications rapidly increase with the advancement of population; but the removal of the seat of government to the banks of the Patowmack has occasioned a *preternatural* addition of eight or ten Gazettes to the catalogue.

The eloquence and wisdom of our legislators are detailed to us by several hands, and every *puny whipster* is enabled to sit in judgment on the talents and adroitness of our governors.

New Biographical Dictionary.

James Hardie, A. M. of New-York, has issued proposals for publishing "A New Universal Biographical Dictionary, and American Remembrancer of departed Merit." The work is intended to be comprised in thirty-two numbers, of sixty-four pages each, or four volumes octavo. This work will be compiled from foreign biographical publications, as well as from the materials which may be collected in America, and, if executed with judgment and ability, cannot fail to be interesting and instructive to a great portion of readers.

Best's Dissertation upon Oratory.

"A Dissertation upon Oratory, and a Philological Inquiry into the Beauties and Defects of the English Language, with thoughts on preaching and pulpit Eloquence," by the Rev. W. Best, A. M. has lately issued from the press of T. B. Bowen, of Charleston, South-Carolina. This publication will be noticed in our next Review.

New Edition of Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.

M. L. and W. A. Davis, of New-York, are engaged in printing an edition of this work, in one volume octavo, which will comprise the "Appendix" lately published by the author.

Hosack's Lectures.

"An Introductory Lecture on Medical Education, delivered at the Commencement of the Annual Course of Lectures on Botany and the Materia Medica, by David Hosack, M. D. Professor of Botany and the Materia Medica in Columbia College," is now in the press, and will be shortly published by T. and J. Swords.

Davis' New-Jersey Farmer.

Furman and Loudon have published, in one small volume 18mo. "The New-Jersey Farmer, by John Davis." This work will be noticed in our next Review.

Falconer's "Ship-Wreck."

James Oram is engaged in printing an elegant edition of that celebrated Poem, in one volume 12mo. with engravings.

FOREIGN.

Ossian's Poems.

MR. Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, to whom the late Mr. M'Pherson left the originals of Ossian's Poems, is preparing a new and splendid edition of that work; in which the *Gaelic originals*, the *English translation* of M'Pherson, and a *Latin version* will appear together. The Highland Society of Scotland have made some important researches to ascertain the authenticity of the original poems.

The profession of bards is still to be found in the Highlands of Scotland, some of whom are females; and, in their unpremeditated effusions, resemble, in poetical ability, the Italian *improvisatori*.—They are to be met with in Argyleshire, Perthshire, Rosshire, Invernesshire, and the Isle of Sky.

Process for Tinning Copper Vessels.

Mr. Buschendorf, of Leipsic, has given the following useful process for tinning copper vessels, which has the advantage of being very durable and perfectly innoxious, as it contains not a particle of lead: "When the vessel has been prepared and cleaned in the usual manner, it must be roughened on the inside, by being beat on a rough anvil, in order that the tinning may hold better. The first coating of tin is given with perfectly pure-grained tin, with the addition of sal ammoniac. This serves as a medium to connect the second coating, which consists of two parts tin, mixed with three of zinc, which must be applied with sal ammoniac smooth and even. It is then to be hammered with a smoothing hammer, after it has been properly scoured with chalk and water, which renders it more solid, and gives it a smooth and compact surface.

This tinning is very durable, and has a beautiful colour, which it always retains."

POETRY.

Description *of an* African Serpent.

From the 6th Book of Silius Italicus.

Translated (1782) by Richard Alsop.

ITS turbid wave, where wide Bragada pours,
Through wilds and deserts to the Lybian shores,
And o'er the far-stretch'd plains diffuses wide
A stagnant water and polluted tide,
In search of plants we came—which o'er that land
Penurious Nature spreads with scanty hand.

Near the steep bank an aged forest stood,
Whose horrid gloom imbrown'd the bordering flood;
Through the thick boughs no quivering sun-beam play'd,
But dusky darkness wrap'd the dreary shade,
And hoary mists, which putrid fens exhale,
With pois'nous vapours clogg'd the tainted gale.
Within the wood a winding cavern lay,
Whose dire recesses ne'er admitted day;
E'en at the thought wild terrors still arise,
And chilling fears my panting heart surprise,
A monstrous serpent, venomous and dread,
Whose length immense an hundred cubits spread;
Whom in her anger earth vindictive bore,
The grove infested, and polluted shore.
No era e'er disclos'd to mortal eyes
A pest more fell, or of superior size.
Seiz'd by surprise, along the shady stream
The furious lion oft his prey became;
And flocks and herds that hither sought retreat
From the fierce fervors of meridian heat;
Or birds, attracted to the noisome wood
By putrid carcases and fœtid blood:
Limbs half devour'd, and bones dispers'd around,
The air infected, and defiled the ground.
When swoln with blood, and surfeited with prey,
In the black cave the hideous monster lay;
Or oft, when heated with his fervent food,
Sought the cool shelter of the rapid flood;
Nor wholly sunk beneath the wave remain'd,
But on the adverse shore his head sustain'd.
Of this unconscious, nor of aught afraid,
I went to explore the secrets of the shade,
With Umbrian Havens and Aquinus, bred,
Where snow-clad Apennine exalts its head.
Approaching near, our minds dire horror fill'd,
With panic fears our shivering limbs were chill'd;
Yet still we enter, and the nymphs adore,
And God unknown, whose waters lave the shore;
And, tho' with terror thrill'd, our way pursu'd
To the dark centre of the fatal wood.
When from the entrance of the cave profound
A Stygian whirlwind rush'd with fearful sound;

No fiercer blaſt rude Eurus ever pour'd
From his cold chambers with bleak tempeſts ſtor'd;
Infernal hiſſings from the gulph accurſt,
With ſprinkling rain, and ſtorms loud howling, burſt.
Pale with diſmay, we heard the earth reſound,
And felt quick tremblings ſhake the ſolid ground,
When from the cave, by ſpectres uſher'd, roll'd,
The monſter fell in many a hideous fold.
Arm'd with ſuch ſnakes, the earth-born Giants ſtrove
To arreſt the thunder from imperial Jove;
Such as Amphytrion's mighty ſon ſubdu'd,
Where ſnaky Lerna rolls its poiſonous flood,
And ſuch ſecur'd the Heſperian garden fam'd,
With golden fruit whoſe trees far-glittering flam'd.
His monſtrous head from earth to heaven he rais'd;
In his dread front terrific ſplendours blaz'd;
From his black mouth, a flood of venom caſt,
The air infected with a pois'nous blaſt.
With palpitating hearts, in vain, we fly,
And for aſſiſtance raiſe a piteous cry;
Wide o'er the wood his hiſs ſhrill-ſtartling rolls,
And dark'ning fears diſtract our boding ſouls.
Condemning the raſh enterpriſe too late,
Unhappy Havens found a dreadful fate;
In a large oak conceal'd, he ſought to elude
The watchful ſerpent, who his flight purſued;
And, ſcarce could I myſelf believe it true,
His monſt'rous folds around the tree he threw,
And cloſe encircling, tore it from the ground;
Rent from its deepeſt roots it fell with ruſhing ſound;
Then ſeizing in his fangs the youth diſmay'd,
With outſtretch'd arms in vain imploring aid,
In his black jaws abſorb'd the ſtruggling prey,
Who, living, buried in his entrails lay.
Hapleſs Aquinus on the ſtream rely'd,
And ſwiftly ſwam acroſs the rapid tide;
In vain his efforts, 'midſt the river caught,
Him to the ſhore the frightful monſter brought,
And there a horrid ſcene my eyes ſurvey'd,
As on his quiv'ring limbs, while yet alive, he prey'd.

From the dire place, in headlong flight I ſped,
Impell'd by wild diſmay, and wing'd with dread,
And to the camp eſcap'd, inform'd the chief,
In broken accents and a flood of grief;
At the ſad tale his eyes with tears were fill'd,
And pity for their fate his boſom thrill'd;
But love of fame, with dauntleſs valour join'd,
To ſcorn of danger fir'd his generous mind,
Which equal ſhone, both in ſurpriſe by night,
In hoſts embattled, and in ſingle fight.
Fir'd with impatience to avenge the ſlain,
He bade the equeſtrian ſquadron ſeek the plain;
And ardent firſt advanc'd with matchleſs ſpeed,
Exciting with the ſpur his foaming ſteed.
The troops obey—and inſtantly prepare
The vaſt *baliſtæ* and machines of war,
And to the field the ſpear immenſe convey'd,
Which oft proud turrets in deſtruction laid.
Soon as the courſers reach'd the adjacent plain,
And hollow tramplings echoed through the den;
Rouz'd at the tumult, forth the dragon came,
Emitting from his jaws ſulphureous flame;
From his broad front terrific lightnings fly,
And ſparkling fury glows in either eye;
High rais'd in air, he lifts his head above
The topmoſt branches of the towering grove;
His forky tongues in quick vibrations fly,
And, darting upwards, lick the azure ſky.
When firſt the trumpet's martial notes he hear'd,
In deep ſurpriſe his form immenſe he rear'd;
And with his back reclin'd, his length compreſt
In ſinuous folds beneath his ſcaly breaſt;
Then ſwift unlooſing his contorted train,
His glittering bulk extended o'er the plain;
And on the ſhore advanc'd, the fight to try,
While wild amazement look'd from every eye.

When near approach'd, the troops beheld
their foe,
Congeal'd awhile, the blood forgot to flow:
Scarce could the rider rule his trembling
steed,
From whose black nostrils pitchy flames
proceed.
With scornful pride, as he the host sur-
vey'd,
In threat'ning motion wav'd his lofty
head;
Now fir'd to rage the gory corse he tears,
And high in air the mangled carcase rears;
Now his strong orbs convolves, in wan-
ton play,
With strict embrace around his shapeless
prey;
Now the black flesh absorbs and crimson
tide,
Then his voracious jaws, expanding wide,
Disgorges broken bones and clotted gore,
And leaves the limbs half-eaten on the
shore.
With rising terrors every bosom's chill'd,
To panic fears the bravest soldiers yield;
At length the squadrons in confusion fly,
With pallid cheek and wildly-glaring eye,
In vain the eagles should their flight re-
strain,
With them ignobly hurried o'er the plain;
When thus the leader stopp'd their shame-
ful flight,
The recreant bands inciting to the fight.
"Shall the Italian youth, in arms re-
nown'd,
Inferior to a Lybian snake be found?
Does his vast yawn your timorous souls
affright,
Or empty blasts pale cowardice excite?
Unaided I to meet his rage will go—
This hand alone shall quell your dreaded
foe."
He said—and fearless straight approach-
ing near,
From his strong arm discharg'd the massy
spear;
With force Herculean hurl'd, the weapon
flies,
And in a whirlwind cleaves the liquid
skies.
The flying lance the advancing monster
found,
And in his forehead deep impress'd a
wound;
Fix'd in his head the point firm-rooted
stood,
And in vibrations play'd the quiv'ring
wood:
In loud acclaim straight plausive voices rise,
While mingled shouts of triumph rend
the skies.
Stung with the smart with tenfold rage
he burns,
And all on Regulus his fury turns;
For, new to pain, no vent'rous steel before
E'er his bright form distain'd with stream-
ing gore.
Nor had his vengeance sought his foe in
vain,
To madness fir'd by agonizing pain;
Had not the Chief, well skill'd to rule
the steed,
By art eluded his impetuous speed;
Turn'd to the left he fled, with loosen'd
rein,
The serpent swift pursuing o'er the plain,
With flexile back, in undulating course,
The various mazes of the flying horse.
Nor Marus' hand slept idle by his side,
Next in his venom'd blood my spear was
dyed;
For now the fainting steed, oppress't with
pain,
The unequal strife no longer could main-
tain,
While close behind the foe, fierce threat-
ning hung,
And brandish'd o'er his back his triple
tongue;
That fateful moment I my javelin threw,
And on myself his vengeful fury drew.
The cohort next their brandish'd weapons
plied,
And each in turn the monster's rage de-
fied;
From a balista hurl'd, at length, a rock
His course arrested with a thundering
stroke;
Stunn'd and disabled by the forceful
blow,
No more with ardour he pursues the foe;
No more his head he raises to the skies,
No more its wonted aid the wounded
spine supplies.
And now deep crimson'd in his vital
blood,
Fix'd in his side the *mural javelin* stood;
And showers of arrows clos'd his eyes in
night,
Whose glaring orbs diffus'd a baleful light.
He now lay faintly gasping on the shore,
His shining form with wounds all co-
ver'd o'er,
And from his deadly mouth pour'd forth
a flood
Of verdant poison, mix'd with clotted
blood;
Transfix'd with spears, to move, in vain,
he try'd,
Yet menac'd still with jaws distended
wide,

When in hoarſe thunder from an engine fled
A pond'rous beam, and lopp'd his hideous head;
Then on the bank outſtretch'd, expiring, broke
From his black mouth pale wreaths of pois'nous ſmoke.
From the ſad river burſt the notes of woe,
And broken murmurs from the gulphs below,
The gloomy cave, the banks and grove around,
In mournful concert, echoed back the ſound.

The PALACE *of the* SUN.

[*From the 2d Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes.*]

SUBLIME, and juſt where dawning day begun,
Roſe in the ſkies, the palace of the ſun;
On lofty columns, glorious to behold,
With gems it ſtood adorn'd, and flaming gold.
Two folding valves, the chambers of the morn,
In ſilver fram'd, the ſhining doors adorn;
The artiſt God, around the valves had hurl'd
The circling ocean, and the ſolid world.
With heavenly ſkill, he ſpread th' æthereal plain,
And all that earth, or ſeas, or air contain.
Firſt thoſe who in the waves their manſions keep,
Cerulean Gods and Nereids of the deep:
There doubtful Proteus, there Ægeon glides
On ſportive whales, and Ocean's wave divides.
Next, with her daughters, heavenly Doris ſtood,
Part on huge fiſh, triumphant ſwim the flood;
Part ſeek the reedy banks, expos'd in air,
Dry their ſoft limbs, and comb their azure hair.
Not all alike they ſhone, in face or arms,
As ſiſters chang'd, but equal in their charms.
There on the world appears a varied ſcene,
Refulgent towers, and groves forever green;
Here ſilent ſtreams, and there a rolling flood,
Nymphs of the vale, and Dryads of the wood.
High over theſe, in flaming glories, riſe
The blazing planets, and ſuperior ſkies;
Bright on each valve, ſix heavenly ſigns appear,
Guides of the day, and rulers of the year.
There, cloth'd in purple, on his lofty throne,
Adorn'd with gems, divine Apollo ſhone.
Rang'd on his right, and on his left appear,
The months in order, and the rolling year;
And awful TIME, that led the winged hours,
Time, that all things but laſting TRUTH devours.
Cloſe by the God, with roſy chaplets bound,
Laugh'd the new *Spring*, and ſtrew'd her flowers around;
There naked *Summer* ſought the ſultry plain,
Crown'd with a chaplet rich with golden grain.
Brown *Autumn*, too, beſide her ſiſters ſtood,
Wet with new grapes, and bluſhing with their blood.
Stern *Winter*, laſt, with icy horrors ſhone,
And ſhook his hoary locks before the throne.

ENNIUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CANDIDUS" was received too late to appear in this Number. The *great length* of his *quotations* is ſome objection to the inſertion of his communication. If they could be curtailed, or a reference be made to the pages of the *printed volume*, it would be more agreeable to the generality of readers. The change, however, which is about to take place in this publication, may induce *Candidus* to ſeek ſome other vehicle for a ſpeedier publication, unleſs content to wait the appearance of the next Review.

END OF VOL. III.